

# The Saturday Review

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Early in December will be issued the FIRST ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT of the SATURDAY REVIEW. For further particulars see p. 599.]

## NOTES.

WE cannot profess to be sorry for the decision of the Egyptian Court of Appeal in regard to the Reserve Fund, or to share the indignation of the "Times" Correspondent at the idea of a "mere court of justice" venturing to differ from Lord Cromer. We welcome everything that tends to clear the air, and the sooner England, France and Russia frankly acknowledge that the present situation is an impossible one, the sooner will some agreement be come to as to the future. At present the smallest and most perverse of the six Powers may, of its own motion, tie the hands of the Egyptian Government, even although it had all the rest of Europe at its back, and the Egyptian Treasury is forced, against its will, to go on piling up a Reserve Fund which it can use neither in reducing taxation, nor in developing industries and irrigation, nor in defending the frontier. The half-million already spent must, says the law, be refunded. And now, we are informed, England will lend Egypt money, as well as the larger sum necessary for the extended operations that will be undertaken at the next high Nile. It would seem as if the French wanted us to take over the administration of the Egyptian finances and to annex the country as they annexed Tunis. The alternative is a reasonable settlement that will leave us free to do the work we have undertaken to do, and that will in return give Europe the desired assurances against a policy of selfish "grab" on our part.

The Egyptian business apart, foreign politics threaten before long to become as hopelessly dull as home affairs. Italy is evidently preparing for a complete retreat from its African adventure, which will impose certain responsibilities upon us at Massowah and Kassala. Messrs. Russell, Clayden and Torr have not succeeded in even making a start in their wonderful "new departure" on the Armenian question, and everything points to a complete understanding between the Powers with regard to what should be done in Constantinople. By the way, the warlike peace at any price people who only the other day wanted somebody to "force the Dardanelles" with a few gunboats will be interested to learn that Russian engineers are hard at work arming the old forts and building new ones, which are to be completely equipped with heavy guns and all the latest appliances expressly "made in Russia" for the purpose. Forcing the Dardanelles is now more than ever a task from which even Mr. G. W. E. Russell might shrink, especially when there is in Constantinople a highly

efficient Turkish Army Corps to be dealt with at the end of it.

Once again the "Times" has deceived us. By giving a couple of columns to Mr. George Curzon's speech at Manchester it induced us to believe that there was something in the address worth reading. But no; we waded through it from beginning to end and got nothing for our pains. Mr. Curzon thinks it worth while to tell us that "the solution of the South African difficulties will depend as much on wisdom at Pretoria as in Downing Street," which is true and obvious—painfully obvious. And then he sneers at journalists as one who would say, "Lo, I am a superior person, an Under-Secretary of State to wit, and not a mere correspondent nor scribbler." Yet when Mr. Curzon played journalist he was not so successful that he can afford to sneer at the craft. At the beginning of the war between China and Japan he sent two inordinately long communications to the "Times," proving conclusively that China would never accept defeat, but would fight on until she emerged victorious from the struggle. A little knowledge is as dangerous an equipment for a journalist as forcible-feeble rhetoric for a politician.

On 28 November President Kruger spoke in Pretoria, and, though the reports of his speech are imperfect, and even faulty, the honesty and ability of the man are, nevertheless, conspicuous. He had to deal first with the lying rumour that the Boers intend to break the London Convention. "The Convention gave us assurance of independence; if a change in it is necessary, I will see that it is brought about in a constitutional manner. Our motto is not to break conventions or treaties, but to uphold them." And this is how he treats the claim for an indemnity:—"The delay arose because I wished to be fair, and did not want to demand a sum that was not fair." And what is the basis of a fair demand? He goes on:—"We are now carefully arriving at the exact expense. We must act straightforwardly [? honestly]. . . . I do not doubt that the British Government will meet our just demand fairly." And then he deals with those who predict trouble in Johannesburg. "They are looking through blurred glasses; if they only opened their eyes they would find all clear ahead, and that the rumours are only for speculative purposes. . . . It is our duty to foster the mining industry, because the more it flourishes the more the State will flourish." An honest and able man is Oom Paul. Mr. Chamberlain will find his account in dealing with him fairly.

The resignation of Ali Asghar Khan, Prime Minister of Persia, and the distribution of the departments over which he has for so long presided among prominent officials of the new Shah, does not signify any change



of policy unfavourable to England. It is rather a sign that the Shah has determined to take a more personal and responsible share in the Government than was possible with a Minister who had been virtually supreme for years, and under whom the heads of departments were no more than secretaries carrying out his orders. It is indeed an Oriental repetition of the eclipse of Prince Bismarck on the advent of an Emperor who was determined not only to reign but to govern. The new Ministry is composed of men of ability and good reputation, and there is a strong feeling in Teheran that important reforms in the Administration are impending. Not the least remarkable incident of the change of Ministry is the visit of the British and Russian representatives together to the Shah to bear witness jointly to the excellent services which Ali Asghar Khan has rendered the State. This friendly coalition is a proof that the tension which used to exist at Teheran between England and Russia is giving place to more kindly sentiments.

It is in itself a liberal political education to see the Duke of Devonshire at a public meeting where he is not quite sure of his ground. A small man on such an occasion would be nervous and embarrassed, and would end by making an utter mess of it. Mr. Gladstone would plunge into a whirling void of sonorous commonplaces, and would have ended amidst loud cheers before the audience had discovered that he had carefully said nothing at all. The Duke, on the contrary, thrusts his difficulties into the forefront. He begins by saying in his most lumbering and inarticulate manner that he doesn't know who the people are who are round him on the platform, that he is not quite sure of their programme, and that the subject of the resolution is one to which he has devoted no particular attention, but if they want to know his opinion they can have it. And then he plunges into it, pricks bubbles right and left, gets at the very crux of the question, and puts it to the meeting with considerable fairness. In the end he holds his audience much more securely than the merely fluent orator. Those who remember Sir John Holker's success at the Bar will understand how the Duke of Devonshire, with every apparent disadvantage that a speaker can have, has won, and will hold, a foremost place in English politics.

At the Guildhall Meeting of the British Empire League on Thursday, the Duke of Devonshire did not go out of his way to make himself agreeable. It was a meeting of business men to discuss our relations with the Colonies, so he explained that he did not understand business and knew little or nothing about the Colonies. Mr. Chamberlain had said that the question must be approached from its "commercial side," but for obvious reasons he would not go into that; meanwhile there was the subject of Imperial Defences and of the Naval Agreement with the Colonies, to which the Government attached the highest importance, and which would shortly need renewing. That was a matter which they might turn their attention to, as the present Ministry meant to exert the whole resources, both of the United Kingdom and of the Colonies, for the maintenance of the sea supremacy of the Empire. And so, although he did not say quite what anybody wanted him to say, he said something, and said it firmly, and the Guildhall meeting knew that it had in the Duke a man who cares as little for abuse as he does for popularity, and whom no power on earth could induce to say a word more or a word less than he meant. England would be a dreary place if all politicians were like that, but it is wholesome to have the cold douche occasionally.

The German "kept" Press seems to have got quite out of hand. This week the "Kreuz Zeitung" and the "Hamburger Nachrichten" have been writing of England in a strain that would only be reasonable if the two nations were at war. We do not complain of this, because we think that anything that tends to draw English diplomacy away from the clumsy mediæval tyranny of which it has so long been the catspaw is something to the good, for it will assist Lord Salisbury

in coming to an understanding with France and Russia. But even the type of Government clerk who is employed to write leading articles in Germany must see the danger into which he and his country are drifting. England's close friendship for Germany in the past has been purely a diplomatic and personal one. The countries were kept together by the intimacy of the Royal families, for the Germans were never popular in England. Now they are the best hated of all the Continental peoples, and our diplomacy will in time be forced to respond in some degree to the national feeling. When that happens Germany will find herself isolated indeed, and she is the country of all others that can least afford to face a European danger without allies.

The new Bishop of Peterborough it seems was not appointed as a reward for his business-like industry any more than he was appointed for his intellectual abilities. He was chosen, the inspired sources frankly admit, because he has money enough in his pockets to repair the West front of the Cathedral. This is the worst possible reason for making a man a bishop. It is a shabby kind of transaction, savouring of simony and contracting. A bishop could surely have been found who would inspire men to repair what their fathers were inspired to build?

The Primate of Australia thinks that bishops altogether are merely a kind of ornamental convenience to the Church, and has the humour to confess his opinions at the General Synod before his Antipodean brethren, who furiously rage together. He will probably take out a ticket-of-leave and return home to recruit his nerves, now he has disburdened himself of this secret. He is the hero of the hour at present in Sydney, and looked upon with profound admiration in his diocese as a master cracksman and more than *primus inter pares*.

It is refreshing to find a judge, especially one like Sir John Day—who has more long sentences to his account than any other man on the Bench—frankly admitting that our whole penal system is a mistake; that it does not really punish the bad, while it hopelessly demoralizes those in whom there are still some elements of good. Prison treatment, said Sir John at Derby, is of "little or no use." Habitual criminals look on the gaol as their home; and, as they get to know the officials, they manage to have a very good time, with "all sorts of comforts." Characteristically, Mr. Justice Day would make the treatment more severe, and would add an occasional flogging by way of variety. He would soon find that this process was as foolish and useless as the present method. The habitual convict does not go to prison for its "comforts," but because he is an "habitual"; and, as society is ordered, there is no place else for him to go to. This type is neither influenced by severity nor by coddling, and the best thing is simply to isolate him like any other diseased type, so that he shall not breed contagion during his brief intervals of liberty. Above all, he should be isolated from the young and "first offenders," for whom there is hope. With a proper system of this sort, the "habituals" might be stamped out or materially reduced in numbers within a generation or so. At present they are rapidly increasing.

It will be a curious outcome of the situation in South Africa if all the political and race problems that have been disturbing the diplomatists of two continents for the past eleven months, should be forced to a solution by events altogether outside diplomatic or political influences. The rinderpest, of which nobody took much notice while it was only killing off the cattle of natives in the Zambesi Valley, is now advancing steadily and irresistibly on the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and Cape Colony. No one believes that it can be stopped till it reaches the sea, where there are no more cattle for it to kill. The result of this in a purely pastoral country needs no describing. Outside the few towns the wealth of nine-tenths of the people, white and black, will be wiped out. This will have a certain effect on the supply of labour on the Rand; but who



can tell what its political effects may be, or what the results to us would be of a "black" rising that would reproduce over the rest of South Africa the conditions which led to the Matabele war? We hope that, for once, the Colonial Office is seriously facing this grave danger, and that we have some definite policy to meet it with when it arrives.

Employers' Liability is certain to occupy a leading place in the Government programme next Session, and there is little doubt that the proposals of the Home Secretary will be found in most points to coincide with those set out by Sir Arthur Forwood in the draft Bill which he has just sent out to the leading employers of labour and Chambers of Commerce for their examination. In the discussion on Mr. Asquith's abortive Bill in last Parliament, the Unionist party practically accepted Mr. Chamberlain's leadership on this matter, and Sir Arthur Forwood claims to have the support of both the Colonial Secretary and the last Conservative Home Secretary for the cardinal principle of his Bill—that in future compensation shall be granted for accidents as accidents and not as something caused by negligence, which is not, properly speaking, an accident at all. The scheme, in a word, is one of workmen's insurance rather than as at present of legal liability on the part of employers for the consequences of their own acts. This will mean an additional charge on the employer, but at any rate it will put an end to the present system of constant and harassing litigation by which the lawyers are the only gainers. The employer will know exactly where he is and can frame his estimates accordingly, and he will doubtless find the present Accident Insurance Companies willing to extend their operations so as to cover his liability for a fixed annual sum.

"The Recollections of De Tocqueville" (Henry & Co.), admirably translated by M. de Mattos, deserve a careful reading, though they only cover the Revolution of '48 in Paris. This book is like a thin white wine, without the body and bouquet of the great vintages which improve with time, but more refreshing, perhaps, because of its lightness. De Tocqueville was not a great man—not even a great intellect, as his admirers seem to imagine—and certainly not a great writer; but he was an able political thinker of the Whig type, and thoroughly competent to judge the men of '48. Here is what he says of the Revolution:—"I found in the capital a hundred thousand armed workmen, formed into regiments, out of work, dying of hunger; but with their minds crammed with vain theories and visionary hopes. I saw Society cut into two; those who possessed nothing united in a common greed; those who possessed something united in a common terror." But he sees, too, that the movement had a soul that was not selfish; the members of the Constituent Assembly seemed "imbued with a new spirit"; they displayed "a new character and new manners." And again: "One met in it (the Assembly) more men who were sincere, disinterested, honest, and above all courageous, than in the Chambers of Deputies, among which I had spent my life."

But just as De Tocqueville is forced to find "a soul of goodness" even in the upstirring he dislikes because he is held near truth by a Genevan measure of insight and honesty, so he is also forced to give portraits of his contemporaries in which the exact likeness is preserved at the cost sometimes of artistic beauty. Here, for example, is the best photograph of the third Napoleon which we have ever seen:—"Before attaining power he had had time to strengthen his natural taste for the footman class, which is always displayed by mediocre princes, and which was confirmed in his case by the habits of twenty years of conspiracy spent amid low-class adventurers, men of ruined fortunes or blemished reputations, and young debauchees, the only persons who, during all this time, could have consented to serve him as go-betweens or accomplices." In this judgment one finds more than a hint of that austere preoccupation with morals which we have spoken of above as Genevan, and which, as the chief

characteristic of de Tocqueville's mind, links him with Scherer as the type of a French Protestant. But, if he has the defects of his qualities, the qualities are not to be denied; he sees most distinctly, though his vision is that of the owl and not that of the eagle. "As a private individual Louis Napoleon possessed certain attractive qualities: an easy and kindly humour, a mind which was gentle, and even tender, without being delicate, great confidence in his intercourse, perfect simplicity, a certain personal modesty amidst the immense pride derived from his origin. He was capable of showing affection, and able to inspire it in those who approached him."

De Tocqueville's preoccupation with morals often makes him absurdly unjust. It is not fair to weigh the dreamer Lamartine, half rhetorician and half poet, in the exact balances of the practical understanding—thus: "I do not know that I have ever in this world of selfishness and ambition in which I lived met a mind so devoid of any thought of the public welfare as his. . . . When speaking or writing he spoke the truth or lied, without caring which he did, occupied only with the effect he wished to produce at the moment." How protestant this is and how arid! We see in it not Lamartine, but De Tocqueville's limitations. When he judges the men far inferior to himself in ability, contempt reinforces his native love of truth and his sketches become life-like:—"Ledru-Rollin was nothing more than a very sensual and sanguine heavy fellow, quite without principles, and almost without brains, possessing no real courage of mind or heart, and even free from malice. . . ." The last clause is one of those admirable artistic effects which real life sometimes gives to the mere reporter preoccupied with exactitude. Here is another of a perfection which is astounding when we think of it as accidental. The 15 May lives for us as we read:—"I heard a man in a blouse, standing next to me, say to his fellow: 'See that vulture down there? I should like to twist its neck!' I followed the movement of his arm and his eyes, and saw without difficulty that he was speaking of Lacordaire, who was sitting in his Dominican's frock on the top bench of the Left. The sentiment struck me as very unhandsome, but the comparison was admirable; the priest's long, bony neck issuing from its white cowl, his bald head surrounded only with a tuft of black hair, his narrow face, his hooked nose, and his fixed, glittering eyes really gave him a striking resemblance to the bird of prey in question."

#### THE SWEETSTUFF SHOP!

NATIONS, we are taught in our schoolboy histories, win power by reason of courage, manliness, and love of truth, and power brings riches and riches luxury, and then corruption comes and degeneration. That England has grown rich and luxurious cannot be denied; but most of us flatter ourselves that our colonizing efforts, or our love of outdoor sports, or some secret virtue in numbers will preserve us from the moral decadence that usually befalls wealthy nations. Now and then, however, in spite of our optimism, we are shocked by a sign or symptom that seems to indicate deep-rooted disease. We have grown up in the belief that a love of truth is a characteristic of the Briton, that he unconsciously pushes veracity to rudeness, and always pardons the bluntest statement of fact. And then we find ourselves at the Sixth Anniversary Dinner of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, and we are sickened by the extravagant compliments lavished by the speakers upon each other, and we wonder whether this fulsome flattery is not a sign of moral corruption. For actors are not the only offenders. English life at the present time is one huge mutual admiration society, and the Press seems to have come to the belief that what cannot be praised had better be passed over in silence. Parliament, it is true, is enlivened a little by the shock of parties; but note how sedulously personalities are discouraged even in St. Stephen's, until debate dies out, and epigram and the platitudes, pompous or puerile, reign instead. And in every

other department of life truth-speaking is tabooed—regarded, in fact, as a sign of ill-breeding, or at least as a lapse of taste worthy of reprobation. And the curious part of the matter is that it is the leading men in each profession that form the ring of mutual admirers; it is as if they felt themselves unworthy of their positions, so anxious are they to win praise rather than deserve it. There is a Russian proverb that says, "It is the head of the fish that first goes bad."

The Actors' Dinner was presided over by Mr. Leopold Rothschild, whose speech was an extraordinary farrago of puerile witticisms and obsequious flattery flavoured with unhappy allusions to religious differences. "He congratulated the Fund upon having no vagabonds upon it; at least only 'Two Little Vagabonds.' . . . It would perhaps be presumptuous to ask the young man to cease giving 'A White Silk Dress' to 'The Gay Parisienne' for the pleasure of 'A Night Out'! (Cheers and laughter.)" We are quoting from the "Standard," and were the authority of that journal less than it is, we should refuse to believe that such vulgar ineptitude would be greeted with cheers by gentlemen. Mr. Leopold Rothschild won almost as much applause by his reference to Sir Henry Irving: "he did not know which was the greater reward (*sic!*)—to be born a genius and to have earned distinction from his Queen, or to have the admiration, the affection, and the veneration of all his profession." And, finally, he said: "In former days 'The Sign of the Cross' was not admitted in the Ghetto"—but perhaps we have done enough to illustrate Mr. Leopold Rothschild's wit.

Then Sir Frank Lockwood got up, and, not to be outdone, imitated his chairman. "He did not say that every play could be sweet as lavender or pure as rosemary," and so forth, and still the audience applauded. Sir Frank proceeded to give a specimen of his tact: "Celebrated actors were probably more popular than any persons in this realm, excepting perhaps professional jockeys"; and then, feeling perhaps that he had made a slight mistake, he used the butter-ladle freely, and sat down.

Mr. Charles Wyndham then made the speech of the evening, excellent both in matter and in manner. He warned his fellows that "the uncritical adulation of the enthusiast" was more dangerous than "the whips and scorn of detractors." And he did not fear to point the allusion: "Shall we the Cinderellas of yesterday permit ourselves to be spoiled by the Lockwoods of to-day?" But even Mr. Wyndham could not finish his speech without imitating the fatuity of the chairman. He praised the "Bells" of the Lyceum, and quoted Tennyson, "Ring out the old, ring in the new," which was rather unkind of him, as the "Bells" were heard in '71.

And then Sir Henry Irving got up and showed that as a public speaker even Mr. Leopold Rothschild is not his equal. We actor-managers, he said in substance, at least some of us, have closed our theatres "to do honour to the Fund and to thank Mr. Leopold de Rothschild." After alluding to the "eloquence (!)" with which the chairman had pleaded for the Fund, Sir Henry Irving went on: "I wonder what conception the people who have never seen or heard Mr. Leopold de Rothschild would form of his personality." This happy touch led naturally to the story of how a little girl in an East-end school believed that Sir Henry Irving himself was the keeper of a sweetstuff shop, and in the same way, Sir Henry continued, with exquisite adroitness, our chairman might figure as "the cashier of a penny bank." Feeling probably that this description was not flattering enough, Sir Henry concluded by talking of the "great and noble house to which Mr. de Rothschild belongs."

All we have to say is that the little girl's description was absolutely correct: the Lyceum is a sweetstuff shop and nothing else, and Sir Henry Irving is the keeper thereof. But if the same little girl had been asked about Mr. Leopold Rothschild, she would probably have said with equal truth that he was the keeper of a pawnbroking shop—an international pawnbroking shop if you will, but still a pawnbroking shop. "Great and noble house," forsooth, with Brazilian nuts for sale and Chilis hot in the mouth.

## IS THE NAVY READY?

IT is extraordinary how little genuine interest the public take in the Navy. In order to hold their flagging attention, it is necessary that they should be continually stimulated by the speeches and letters of statesmen and experts; and Mr. Goschen's ill-founded optimism with regard to our naval efficiency finds them almost glad to have done with the matter. Yet the question of the Navy would hardly be left half answered if the average man had in any way grasped its tremendous importance. The practice of Prussia in the two great conflicts which we all remember has partly opened our eyes to the necessity of an army being quickly made ready and assembled for action. Why is this readiness so urgent a matter? Because the first great battle, the first action in which the bulk of the forces of both sides are engaged, almost always has such far-reaching consequences. Defeat in this first battle disheartens and demoralizes beyond all that the inexperienced can imagine, and the balance of confidence once upset is rarely restored. Most of Frederick's campaigns and all of Napoleon's until the Russian disaster show the enormous advantage gained by having the start in preparation, and moving the army in a well-chosen direction before the enemy has made his first move. Railways have concentrated into a few days the whole of that laborious business of assembling which used to require weeks of heavy marching. But rapid concentration by railway is impracticable unless the organization is complete and every detail in its place by the time when the railway lines are ready to begin carrying. If the army is put down at the wrong place at the outset, it is handicapped for the rest of the campaign. Therefore it is necessary, not merely to have good arrangements for calling in and equipping reserves and getting the expanded battalions and their baggage to the railway stations, but to have thoroughly thought out the first moves of the game, so as to begin with the army in the right place, and able to deal its first blow with all its force. These are the considerations that have led all the Great Powers of Europe since 1866 to copy or adapt as well as they could the Prussian method of mobilization and the Prussian method of thinking out the first moves. Yet there are in ordinary land warfare a number of conditions that mitigate the disadvantage under which the losers of the first great battle suffer. The enemy's army cannot move faster than fifteen miles a day. It must constantly detach to protect its communications, and must bring up supplies from its base. Thus its force is diminished as it advances; while the defender as he falls back picks up his detachments, and finds reinforcements. The material equilibrium thus tends to be restored, and when this process has begun there may be a pause in the action, due to the difference between attack and defence. An army on the defensive calls the ground to its help, and this auxiliary makes it equal to more than its own numbers. There comes a point when each side is strong enough, with the help of a good position, to risk a defensive battle, although perhaps neither side has such a superiority as to justify an attack. In that case the operations are suspended, and the delay tells in favour of the defence. Still, in spite of the difficulties of the offensive, which requires a very superior force and constant energy, and which, owing to the slowness of movement, usually means fighting and defeating again and again the same troops which have retreated and re-formed—a first great victory, as a rule, decides the campaign.

How incomparably more decisive in every respect is a first great victory at sea! The beaten fleet does not, like a beaten army, retreat, say, a week's march or about a hundred miles, and then make a fresh stand with its numbers diminished hardly by a greater proportion of loss than the victors have suffered. In the old naval battles a few ships on both sides were destroyed, but a few of those of the vanquished were captured by the victor and could shortly afterwards be used by him. If two fleets each of twenty sail had a fight, and each lost three ships burned or sunk, while the victor captured three, the result was that for a future battle the victor had twenty ships and the



vanquished only fourteen. The odds had become such as to leave the loser no reasonable chance in a second action. In a modern sea fight, perhaps, there will be no ships taken; but there will be all the more destroyed, and, as destruction or capture begin to be one-sided so soon as the scale of victory has turned, the beaten fleet will not be spared. The difference between attack and defence, due on land to the fact that one side may lie down and wait for the other to come up, does not exist at sea where neither side walks. The sea is no help, as the land is, to the weaker party. Thus a battle at sea is in itself more destructive and more decisive than one on land. Moreover, the destruction cannot so soon be made good. If 10,000 men are lost in a battle, their place may be taken in three months by 10,000 fresh men, who were recruits on the day of the battle. But for an ironclad lost no substitute can be found during the war. The effects of a naval battle are increased by the swiftness of movement at sea. An army goes in an enemy's territory about fifteen miles a day; a fleet moves anywhere over the sea at twenty times that rate. This swiftness and the decisive nature of the battle at sea make it far more imperative in naval than in land war to have everything ready in advance, and above all to have the first moves thought out. Moltke's "plans of campaign" are merely his efforts to think out clearly the first moves, so as to be able to put down his forces in the right groups and to start them in the most telling directions. These studies were as thorough as could be, and were revised every year. When they were complete they served as the basis for working out all the necessary details, especially of railway transport. If they had not been completed beforehand, but delayed until war was at hand, Prussia could not have had the advantages at the opening of the campaign which she had in 1866 and in 1870. If a modern navy should be caught by the outbreak of war without its first moves planned and every detail of preparation, grouping of forces, and starting to seek the enemy perfectly arranged, it would in the first battle be at a disadvantage that cannot be over-estimated. Its parts would be liable to encounter separately the whole of the enemy's force. The loss of the first battle between considerable forces will have a terrible effect upon the nation which is defeated, and a heavy loss in a first defeat may carry with it an unfavourable decision of the whole conflict.

It is no exaggeration to say that forethought in preparation for the first moves is more important than numerical superiority in the total available force, especially when a single Power confronts a coalition. It would take too long to prove this from a full analysis of naval and military history, but the truth may be illustrated from a modern war of which the history is fully known. In 1866 the available forces of Prussia numbered 326,000 men, those of her adversaries were estimated at 400,000, and of these 390,000 were, in fact, employed against her. But Prussia grouped her forces wisely. Against the Austro-Saxon 270,000 she used 278,000, and against the remaining German armies she employed only 48,000. She struck as hard as she could against the principal enemy, and risked disaster in the secondary conflict, because its issue really depended on that of the larger one.

The opinion that the British navy ought to be strong enough in battleships, cruisers, officers and men to command the sea at the very beginning of a war against a coalition—this is the gist of the explanations of the plan of "shadowing" the enemies' fleets upon which is founded the ideal standard of a superiority of five or four to three—is in itself logical and rational. But it is well to remember that this is an ideal standard, and that a good admiral, by a judiciously thought out grouping of his forces, may be able, even with a moderate superiority, to defeat and shatter a combination. War, it should never be forgotten, is sometimes the only resource of statesmanship for the attainment of its ends, and sometimes even so modest an end as the retention of a nation's possessions and the maintenance of its rights cannot be compassed except by the use of force. A nation that hesitates at the critical moment to employ force to uphold its just cause, under the belief that victory is denied except to preparations

corresponding to a never realized ideal, would be sadly handicapped. It would be better to remember that war cannot be carried on (and national rights cannot be defended) except by giving and receiving hard knocks. You cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs.

For these reasons it seems probable that those are in the right who urge as the first step of naval preparation the clear definition of the duties of the naval commander-in-chief—to think out the opening moves of the various wars that may be necessary, and to plan his navy and frame his estimates so as to be ready for them. This view is not inconsistent with persistent advocacy of the construction of more battleships and more cruisers, and of the increase of *personnel*, both officers and men; but those who realize how much the previous studies of a commander-in-chief contribute to victory will continue to press for a regeneration of the organization of command at the Admiralty, and will say to a Cabinet which neglects this, however zealously it has built and armed ships, trained officers and enrolled men, "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

#### THE FUTURE OF THE HORSE.

RECENT forecasts of the influences of motor-cars and bicycles upon the future of horses have been, in many cases, extravagant and ridiculous. It has been said that, in a few years, the horse will no longer be bred for purposes of general utility, and that, if he exists at all, it will be merely as a pet or a plaything. Nonsense of this sort should not blind us to the fact that motor-carts and motor-carriages, light railways, and to some extent also cycles of various kinds, are certain to affect very seriously the horse-breeding interests in this, the greatest of all horse-breeding countries. Horse-dealers already complain that the market for moderate hacks—the best keep up their prices—has suffered considerably from the enormous increase in the use of the bicycle. Many a hack has been sold because its owner found a bicycle a swifter, more agreeable, more convenient, and much more economical conveyance. When small electric motors are added to bicycles, many men who would find bicycle riding in the ordinary way too fatiguing are likely to adopt them, and get rid of their saddle-horses. But it is the motor-car, van, omnibus, cab, and carriage which threaten to become the most deadly enemy of the horse.

Before enlarging upon the damage likely to be inflicted upon horse-breeders and horse-dealers by such things, it may be prudent to bear in mind that the question of the probable influence upon both by artificial progression and propulsion was asked, and with at least as much reason, in the early days of railway locomotives and the use of steam-power for purposes of agriculture. Yet many more horses are bred in these days than in those. It may be that the number is not larger, if so large, in proportion to the population. The enormous perpetual increase of the population in proportion to the increase of any kind of farm produce, in this little country, is a very important point to be remembered in calculating the effect of any new factor upon the future demand for a particular form of produce. This consideration may well give rise to the doubt whether, be the use of horseless conveyances ever so general, the demand for horses will decrease sufficiently to reduce their number in this country very materially twenty years hence. Judging from the results of the steam plough, the steam threshing-machine, the steam turnip-chopper, the steam cake-crusher, and the steam pulper, the motor-cart is not very likely to lead to the extermination of the cart-horse; and, if the light railway saves him some labour, it is not more likely to make his services unnecessary than the ordinary railway. So far from anticipating the abolition of the cart-horse by the motor, we should be much surprised to learn that a large number of cart-horses are not employed at the works of the large horseless-carriage companies themselves.

We will continue with the cart-horse in beginning our consideration of the injury that may be inflicted upon horse-breeders by the substitution of steam-power for

horse-power. Among the most important patrons of the Shire-horse and the Clydesdale, as the cart-horse is technically called according to his breed, are the brewers. Undoubtedly it will be a great saving to them to have their prodigiously heavy carts moved by steam instead of by horses. Horses similar to those used by brewers, again, draw the heavy vans of many manufacturers and merchants and dealers in cities; it may be expected, therefore, that the demand for such horses will seriously decrease, and we should not care at this moment to invest money in a large breeding-stud of Clydesdales or Shire-horses at present prices. Not that we anticipate the disappearance of either breed. On farms, in the yards of great works and railway companies, and even to some extent in cartage in towns, there will be ample opportunities for employing them. The light-van horse will probably, like the heavy cart-horse, be superseded by the motor. Where he is used time is generally of importance, and here steam-power has an advantage over him. He is a fine, active, useful animal, and we should greatly regret to see him gradually disappearing. We have more fears in his case than in that of the Shire-horse or the Clydesdale, as there is little demand for him beyond towns and suburbs; and farmers are not likely to go on breeding him for their own use.

Nobody can, strictly speaking, be said to breed the cab-horse. He, like Lord Beaconsfield's critic, is an animal that has failed in other walks of life. To have no market for the failure, however, will be a very serious matter to breeders, as well as to purchasers of horses that have turned out to be failures. In short, what is to become of equine failures in the future appears to us to be the most crucial question connected with motor-carriages.

The best omnibus-horses are bred for their particular purpose, and sorry indeed shall we be if these sturdy, active creatures become obsolete. It is very difficult to foretell the fate of the private-carriage horse. Motor-carriages are likely to become fashionable. For some time they will, no doubt, remain fashionable; and it is pretty safe to prophesy that most people who now keep a carriage will presently keep a motor-carriage; but we think that, so far as mere fashion goes, a reaction may be expected—that, by-and-bye, the forgotten charms of a quick-stepping pair of horses will be remembered, or re-discovered, and that carriage-horses of the highest class will eventually be almost as much sought after as ever. Unfortunately, in order to breed a few first-rate carriage-horses, there must be many failures, and here, again, we are confronted by the question, What is to become of the failures?

Motors will not, or ought not, to jump over fences; accordingly they are in no way likely to lessen the demand for hunters. This is more than can be said of the supply. There are even more failures in breeding hunters than in breeding carriage-horses, and if farmers should be unable to dispose of such failures, it will not pay them to breed hunters at all, unless they can obtain much higher prices for the successes than they do at present. For this reason we expect the prices of hunters to increase very considerably. Good carriage-horses are also likely to rise in value, though perhaps to a less extent.

Troopers for cavalry may very possibly become rather cheaper than dearer. The better class of failures in attempts to breed carriage-horses and hunters will be readily sold to contractors for cavalry remounts; for horses which in these days would fetch fair prices as hacks, dogcart-horses, and drawers of light carts will then be very difficult to dispose of. Although motor races are already whispered of, he would be a bold man who would dare to prophesy that machinery in any form will ever put a limit to horse-racing; but this at least seems certain, that motor-cars will necessitate the putting to death of a large proportion of the countless failures annually turned out of racing stables.

One of the most serious questions for the consideration of farmers in connexion with motor-carriages is the effect their general use would have upon the demand for hay, oats, and any provender now consumed by horses; but as this does not directly concern the future of the horse, it is somewhat beyond the province of our

present inquiry. Another question which our subject does not require us to answer is, whether the breeding of horses, other than cart-horses, and apart from the convenience of using the young horses until sold, is even now remunerative to farmers. There are those who strongly maintain that it is not.

## ARMS AND THE SNOB.

V.

THE Right Hon. the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, otherwise Lord Kingsburgh, otherwise Sir John Hay Athole Macdonald, C.B., has not had the arms matriculated that Debrett assigns to him: and the arms used by the Right Hon. R. R. Warren are not recorded to him or even to the baronets of his name to whom he is related. Lord Ashbourne evidently had satisfied himself that he had inherited no arms, for he obtained a grant of the arms which correctly figure opposite his name in the "Judicial Bench" and the various published Peerages. Now the Right Hon. John George Gibson is a younger brother of Lord Ashbourne, but a different and much older coat figures in Debrett for the younger son. Whether the omission was intentional or not I have not the ghost of an idea, but Lord Ashbourne's grant, I am informed, was personal to himself, and consequently confutes the arms used by his brother. The Hon. Sir John Charles Day is using a quarterly coat to which, I believe, he has proved no right, and I should be interested to know what reason he puts forward for the assumption of the second crest. Save in exceptional circumstances, one is usually considered sufficient.

There are two more cases I must mention before I bring my list to an end. I refer to the late Archbishop of Canterbury and to the present Archbishop elect. As to the former, I have hesitated much before giving the matter prominence. But a certain paragraph in the "Echo" contains a challenge that leaves one but little alternative. The "General Armory," I should roughly guess, contains almost as many unauthorized as genuine coats-of-arms. No hint is given, as a rule, to show whether they are good or bad. One case, however, Sir Bernard Burke did draw attention to. In the body of the book the arms granted to "Edward White Benson, D.D., Bishop of Truro," are correctly quoted "Argent, a quatrefoil between two trefoils slipped in bend sable, between double cottises gules." In the Supplement to the book is a note that the arms "as borne on the Archi-episcopal seal" are "argent, three trefoils slipped sable between two bendlets gules." These latter are the arms of the Benson family, one of whom was created Baron Bingley. I have hunted extensively for details of this particular family, and it seems to me to be as extinct as the dodo—at any rate, in the male line. But if a descent is, or was, provable, why did the Archbishop obtain a grant of different arms? If it is not strictly and legally provable, I hope I have said enough to cause the real arms of Dr. Benson to be placed on his monument, and to be surmounted by his proper mitre, and not by the mitre of the Bishop of Durham which appears on his seal.

Many months ago I saw the carriages of Lord Salisbury and the then Bishop of London pass in quick succession. Probably a half-crown, certainly a five-shilling piece, would have hidden the modest decoration upon the brougham of the Marquess. I question if a soup-plate would have quite obliterated the huge emblazonment of the Bishop. But will Dr. Temple indicate if he can the exact spot where his name should appear upon the pedigrees of the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, of Earl Temple, of Sir Richard Temple, Bart., G.C.S.I., or in that other Temple pedigree "which Burke includes in his 'Peerage,'" to justify his usage of the arms he has appropriated? I have pored over these pedigrees, but I can find no clue to connect Dr. Temple with this old family anciently of Temple Hall in Leicestershire. Does the Archbishop fondly imagine that every one bearing the name of Temple must of necessity be a descendant of this family, and at liberty to assume their arms? Let me, as to this general point, at any rate, deceive him. Has he ever studied the Registers of the Temple Church? An



interesting fact to be gathered from them is that a large number of foundlings were found in the "Temple" during the last century; and (I quote from a recent article in the "Globe" under the heading of "Wig and Gown") "all these little ones were baptized in the church and had the name of Temple bestowed upon them."

And now a few words to explain what constitutes the right to arms. These articles have been criticized very widely as they have appeared, and from very varying standpoints; but some criticisms have been wide of the mark from the apparent lack of technical knowledge in the critics. The laws of arms and the qualifications to bear arms are far from being alike in England, Ireland, and Scotland. The very laws of the science are different in Scotland, so let us here consider the Northern kingdom first. Arms in Scotland descend only to the eldest son or the heir male amongst the descendants of the grantee. [The arms are heritable by females being heirs portioners or heirs of line, and transmitted as quarterings; but this brings up technical points hardly pertinent to the matter in hand.] All younger sons and cadets of the family—even younger sons of the grantee himself—whilst inheriting the inherent gentility of the original creation, have no right to bear the arms unless and until they have been rematriculated in Lyon Register with such marks of cadency as Lyon King of Arms may deem necessary to indicate the relationship and the requirements of the particular case. This matriculated coat then descends to the heir male amongst the descendants of the person matriculating, his younger sons and the cadets of his branch being each in his turn required to rematriculate and have fresh difference marks added. The present Lyon Register was created by Act of Parliament in 1672, and the Act required, under heavy penalties, that all arms then in use should be registered within a year and a day. All others were declared to be illegal. So that to prove a right to bear arms in Scotland, it is necessary to show that you are the heir male of some person who registered arms in 1672, or who has since obtained a grant, or who has matriculated arms in Lyon Register. And I should like to point out that the law which required arms to be registered and which has placed upon younger sons the necessity of matriculating was not merely a canon of an art or an academic regulation of an artistic science, but a matter of common *Parliament-made law*.

In England and Ireland the scientific law is practically the same. In both countries the arms descend alike to *all male descendants* within the limitations of each particular patent. So that in England it is only necessary to prove legitimate male descent from some person to whom arms have been granted by patent or to whom arms were allowed at one or other of the Visitations.

The Visitations which occurred in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were perambulations, under the direct warrant and authority of the Crown, by the Officers of Arms throughout the kingdom. Everybody using arms, or in a position to use arms, was summoned to appear and substantiate a right to arms or else "disclaim" arms; and one of the three alternatives—(1) of proving a right by inheritance, &c.; (2) failing this, of then obtaining the right; or, (3) failing this, of disclaiming—had to be adopted. And so that no injustice should be done the Officers of Arms directed that if any gentleman could prove his right to arms, and yet could not afford to pay the trivial fees charged for making the necessary record, *these fees were to be excused him*. The summoning practically devolved upon the local authorities, to whom it was a matter of personal knowledge as to what families used arms or were in a position to do so. The Officers of Arms on going into a county exhibited the King's Commission to the High Sheriff, who directed the Bailiff of each hundred to furnish the Officers of Arms with a list of all persons using arms, or calling themselves esquires or gentlemen. All upon the lists were summoned to attend. So thorough and searching were these Visitations that it is almost a matter of impossibility that any family using arms at that period should have been omitted from *all* the Visitations. I have frequently

been told that such and such a family was omitted from the Visitations; but in every single case which I have investigated where arms were not duly noted in the Visitation Records proper I have found the families duly included amongst the "disclaimers."

Consequently, after the last General Visitation (1660-1687) England was overhauled, and it may safely be concluded that at that date the arms of all families not previously extinct had been formally enrolled. Since that date in England it has only been possible to obtain the right to arms by a formal grant. So that to prove a right to arms in England it is necessary to show legitimate male descent from some person to whom a grant of arms has been made, or to whom arms were allowed at one or other of the Visitations.

Ireland has never been overhauled with the thoroughness which characterized the English method. "Troublous times" are alleged to account for the scanty Visitations; but a series of "Funeral Certificates" largely fills up the void. But, in addition, Ulster King of Arms has the unique privilege of "confirming" arms which it can be shown have had a certain continuous usage, even though no official warrant can be produced to substantiate their use. And a confirmation as far as legality goes, though much less expensive, carries equal weight with a formal grant. So that in Ireland to prove a right to arms it is necessary to show legitimate male descent from some person to whom arms were allowed at the Visitations, or on a Funeral Certificate, or to whom arms have been granted or confirmed.

And now may I be permitted a short paragraph in personal explanation? I have been credited with many reasons for the publication of these articles. As far as I personally am concerned, newspaper writers are welcome to supply me with half a hundred reasons. Personal spite seems to be a favourite suggestion with some of my critics. I only say in answer that the man who had reason to cherish personal spite against such an array of individuals as I have mentioned must needs be a remarkable person. I only refer to the matter to prevent obloquy resting where it should not. It appears that a great many people are under the impression that these articles have been written by an Officer of Arms. Such is not the case. I am not in any way connected with the College of Arms, and these articles were not written even with the knowledge of any Officer of Arms. Nor have I (in spite of a statement of Rouge Croix, in the "Westminster Gazette," to the contrary) any greater access to the Records of the College of Arms than has any other ordinary member of the public who cares to go to the trouble of making inquiries there and paying the search fees, which are trivial. The "Speaker" seems to fancy I am somehow interested in increasing the finances of the College of Arms. May I inform the writer in that journal that I am in *no way* either interested or concerned with the fees or finances either of the Corporation of the College of Arms or of any individual member of that Corporation? I candidly admit I have made many inquiries at the College of Arms for the purpose of ensuring greater accuracy in these articles; but my original information as to the arms in use has in no single case which I have referred to, come from the College of Arms. The whole of it is a matter of my own observation.

The "Daily Chronicle" seems to think I am urging all and sundry to obtain grants of arms. My object in writing these articles is nothing of the kind, for I have a very keen idea that some of those I have mentioned, would meet with a point blank refusal if they applied for a patent. And I should be defeating my own object, which is to increase the respect for arms, if every Tom, Dick, and Harry were to obtain a grant, and thus bring Armorial Bearings into open disrespect.

And, with apologies for this personal explanation, let me proceed to the remedy I would put forward for the evils which have arisen. Many people profess an utter contempt for arms and the laws concerning them. I don't believe such a feeling really exists, and the expression of such opinions simply calls to mind the old parable concerning the fox and the grapes. But to those people who do make such a profession I say, "Very well, leave armorial bearings alone." There is assuredly no

law which compels *anybody* to use or claim arms. Consequently if such a claim be made, the arms should be of genuine and legal authority and not filched from some other family. Considering the very extensive usage that is made of arms, it is idle folly to deny the value that is placed upon them, at any rate by a very large number of people. Now the remedy which I suggest would require no alteration in the law. It would not even require the enforcement of the old and stringent laws still upon the statute books. The Inland Revenue requires that a licence of one guinea (or of two guineas for arms on a carriage) should be paid by every person using armorial bearings. The law has decided which arms are of legal authority and which are of none. The remedy—originally suggested in "Notes and Queries"—is this: That everybody who produces a certificate from a duly accredited officer of arms that he is entitled to bear arms should in the future as in the past be allowed to take out his licence at those figures. But those who are using illegal and unauthorized arms should be required, on failure to produce any such certificate, to pay five or even ten guineas. In a matter concerning the revenue it is necessary in advocating a change to show that it will not diminish the revenue receipts. Now a large proportion of those who *pay* the tax (which is a very different thing from those who use arms) are properly entitled to arms. They would continue to pay as formerly (only with added pleasure), for they would experience no difficulty in obtaining the necessary certificate. Of the rest there are a large number who, by reason of illegitimate descent, would decline to submit their claims to adjudication. They would pay at the increased rate. So much the better for the revenue. Of the remainder those properly entitled to use arms are probably to a great extent sinning through ignorance, and on having their attention called to the fact would probably at once rectify matters by obtaining the necessary grant or matriculation. Here the revenue would benefit very materially by the stamps upon each new patent. Of the other individuals who use arms probably very few indeed pay the tax. Lest such an assertion, which, however, is amply corroborated by the information which my experience has placed in my possession, should be questioned, I should like to refer to a paragraph in the "City Press," with which I have been intensely amused. It states that the Somerset House authorities have been spending a busy and lively time in hunting up the City dignitaries whom I noted as using arms without authority, and who have not taken out any licence for the use of armorial bearings. With these insignificant tradesmen the result would probably be that they would discontinue the use of arms. They pay no guineas, so the Revenue would lose nothing, and as the "commonites" discontinued the usurpation of these symbols of gentlemen, gentlefolk whose position really warrants it would reassert armorial usage to an increased extent and pay the necessary guineas for their licences. So much the better for the revenue.

X.

(To be continued.)

## RECOLLECTIONS OF COVENTRY PATMORE.

COVENTRY PATMORE'S work as an author is conspicuous and permanent: but as a man he was less widely known than most of his literary rank, and from his changes of residence, environment, and opinion, he was beheld under very different lights by those who at various periods enjoyed his acquaintance. My acquaintance with him extended over what was, perhaps, the most interesting part of his life, and for a long time almost amounted to intimacy; it may not, therefore, be amiss to offer a few reminiscences while the feelings aroused by his loss are fresh and vivid.

When I came, a mere lad, to work in the Library of the British Museum, I was introduced to all my colleagues with one, doubtless accidental, exception. I was some time before finding out who the tall, spare, silent man was who, alone of the assistants, sat in the King's Library; who, though perfectly urbane when he did converse, seemed rather among than of the rest of the staff, and who appeared to be usually entrusted

with some exceptional task, now cataloguing a mighty collection of sermons from the King's Library gallery, now the pamphlets of the French Revolution. His diligence was certainly exemplary, though he was not considered a particularly able assistant from the librarian's point of view, and made no pretensions to extensive linguistic attainments or bibliographic lore. I came in time to know that he was a poet, but hardly recognized as such by his colleagues, and I was as unable as they to make anything of his poems of 1844, then only accessible in the first crude version. "Tamer-ton Church Tower," or rather its appendages, conveyed more to me; and my acquaintance with him, till then of the slightest, became intimate when I ventured to express to him my appreciation of "The Betrothal" (1854). I presumed, however, to find some fault with what appeared to me the unevenness of some of the verses, and the imperfection of some of the rhymes. I well remember the seriousness with which he took my boyish criticism, and the earnestness with which he adjured me to declare, did I think him careless or negligent? No? then I might think as I pleased about the verses; but an imputation of poetical slovenliness he would never submit to. This was the prelude to a long series of conversations, in which I learned lessons invaluable for prose as well as verse. All the faults to which a young writer is most prone found in him a severe censor and an unanswerable antagonist. The subordination of parts to the whole, the necessity of every part of a composition being in keeping with all the others, the equal importance of form with matter, absolute truth to nature, sobriety in simile and metaphor, the wisdom of maintaining a reserve of power—these and kindred maxims were enforced with an emphasis most salutary to a young hearer just beginning to write in the heyday of the "spasmodic school." I discovered after a while that my teacher did not always exemplify his own precepts; that his one principal work was an assemblage of detached beauties without true vital unity: but I saw, too, that this was from no infidelity to his own creed, but from lack of faculty to exemplify it as he would have wished; that, although a poet, he was not an artist. I found the same inability to combine separate excellences into a whole to pervade his criticism; his strictures on single passages were almost infallible, but he seemed unable to obtain a just view of an author as a whole. If there be truth in phrenology, his head must have wanted the organ of Sublimity. He seemed comparatively insensible to the grandeur of even the greatest poets, but no one possessed a more exquisite discernment of their more subtle and recondite beauties. Goethe's "Faust," for instance, did not appeal to him; but he was enthusiastic, as well as discriminating, in his praise of the same poet's "Alexis and Dora." His attitude towards contemporary poetry was negative—far too much so. He would not unfairly run down the works of others, but I never could believe that he took much pleasure in them. He reproved me seriously for over-praising the first poems of William Morris in a journal to which we both contributed. I had, he said, screwed the pitch of the paper a note too high, and he should be obliged to give all subsequent poets more praise than they deserved to put them into their true relative position towards the young pre-Raphaelite. At the same time, his judgment in these things as well as in political matters was liable to gusts of paradox and caprice. I have known him extravagantly extol a very middling poet on the strength of a single line that had taken his fancy. I should not do justice to his endowments either as critic or poet if I omitted to mention his extraordinary keenness as an observer of nature. Nothing seemed to escape him; the descriptions in his poems are accurate to the minutest detail; and he was no mere observer of natural phenomena, but meditated profoundly on their problems. I once heard him hold forth eloquently on the thesis that the apparent confusion of the starry heavens must be the most beautiful order if we could only see it, and not long afterwards read in the MS. of "Faithful for Ever":—

"The bright disorder of the stars  
Is solved by music."

After we had become in a measure intimate, Patmore



fell into a habit of showing me his newly written verses, and was always most indulgently ready to look at mine. His composition was rapid. I have frequently seen twenty or more lines which he had written, he said, in the last half-hour, and refashioning was rarely needful, though he was an unwearied corrector in minor details. In these minutiae I was, I think, of some service to him; and I believe it was at my instance that the change of a note of exclamation into a note of interrogation was made which obliterated the unreason of the first version of "Tamerton Church Tower." It was natural that I should become a visitor at his house, and see the choicest of his possessions, his wife. This admirable lady, her husband's apotheosis notwithstanding, never impressed me as an "Angel," but rather as a Queen ruling by love and wisdom, "a creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food," wise, witty, frank, gracious, hospitable, without flaw or blemish that I could ever discover, but perfectly at home in this terrestrial sphere. Yet the advance of consumption, of which she must have been fully aware, seemed to throw no shadow upon her spirit, and the care of her numerous young family appeared to cause no effort or uneasiness. Her appearance is well described by her husband, when he sings—

"Her Norman face,

Her large brown eyes, clear lakes of love."

The expenses of her illness, and of a family of six children, were very trying to Patmore, but he fought them bravely by the help of reviewing work, which, from his unfortunate want of interest in contemporary literature, was singularly distasteful to him. Yet there was enough to give the house an air of distinction—velvet chairs, well-bound books, drawings by Rossetti, Hunt, and Millais. There was no ostentation, but just enough to bespeak refined taste and lofty self-respect, and a willingness to submit to some privation for their gratification—the same feeling which in later and more opulent years sent Patmore to the best portrait-painter south of the Tweed. The company was choice as well as the furniture. I do not remember having met an uninteresting person, and I have recollections of frequent encounters with Woolner and the two Rossettis. I remember discussions on Walt Whitman, anticipating much that has been said since; and on Madeline Smith, whom the young men of taste and genius of that day were disposed to regard as a modern Joan of Arc, inasmuch as she was thought to have poisoned her lover. Poor and proud, and always ready to deem himself undervalued, Patmore did not go much into society. I have heard him speak, however, of meetings with Carlyle and Ruskin, Browning and Palgrave. The three latter were numbered among his friends, and he was at one time intimate with Tennyson, the MS. of whose "In Memoriam" he rescued from the kitchen of a lodging-house. I may give one anecdote illustrative at once of his humour and his sensitiveness. He had been asked to meet a popular novelist, with a clear hint that the latter was esteemed the bigger lion. "I suppose," he said to me, "that I ought to feel as proud as a cod's head and shoulders brought to the same table as a pheasant." He ~~was~~ proud, though not exactly of that. But he it recorded to his honour that I never heard him express so much satisfaction at anything as the thought that, notwithstanding the strain upon his slender means, Mrs. Patmore had wanted for nothing in her illness. "She could not," he said, "have been better cared for if she had been an empress."

The crotchety side of Patmore's mind found ample development in his views on politics, where he was peculiarly unprofitable. He would dogmatize to any extent, but seemed unable to produce an argument; and, although painting what he deemed the evils of the time in the blackest colours, he would not take the least practical step to remedy them by so much as voting at an election. "Spiacente a Dio ed ai nemici suoi." Of his religious views I will only record that, some years before he joined the Church of Rome, he told me that he believed the bulk of the nation would become Roman Catholic ere long. I said that I thought this improbable. He seemed surprised, and added that he for his part would have no objection to profess him-

self a Roman Catholic but for the denial of the cup to the laity, which he could not digest. I am perfectly certain, however, that he would never have taken this step if the first Mrs. Patmore had lived. *Au reste*, he might call himself Roman Catholic or Protestant as he pleased, but he was not and never could be anything but a Patmorean. Many a man has been burned for less than his letter to the Omar Khayyam Club, written only a few days before his death.

Patmore's retirement from the Museum and residence in the country drew us apart, and although there was no interruption of mutual regard, our meetings were comparatively infrequent. I have confined these reminiscences to the period when I knew him intimately. In endeavouring to sketch the man I have in a measure conveyed my opinion of his writings. Neither "The Angel in the House" nor the "Odes" are quite satisfactory as wholes; the foundations of the former are sandy, its view of domestic relations is open to grave exception, and it remains incomplete because it could not be completed. The "Odes" are enveloped in a cloud of mysticism. But these imperfections are more than redeemed by exquisite and surprising beauties of detail; and if the writer had possessed a more equable and symmetrical genius, he would hardly have exhibited the depth of insight, the energy of thought, or the intensity of descriptive power in which, among his contemporaries, he is rivalled only by Browning.

R. GARNETT.

#### SARASATE AND OTHERS.

SARASATE gave the last of his latest series of concerts in St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon; and he played a sonata of Bach and a sonata of Saint-Saëns in succession. For the sake of the Bach one almost forgave him the Saint-Saëns, and yet because of the Saint-Saëns could scarcely be grateful for the Bach; just as one almost forgave him his pianist, Mr. Neitzel, because Mrs. Berthe Marx Goldschmidt was not there to drive one to distraction by her pretty flippancies, and yet could hardly feel thankful for the absence of that lady because her place was taken by Mr. Neitzel. Sarasate is surely the most exasperating as well as the most delightful of virtuosos. He rarely gives a concert without playing at least one inspired piece and at least one piece of blatant vulgarity; for years he deprived us of half our joy in his playing by setting the late eminent Cusins to conduct and to beat time audibly with his feet; and after driving us to desperation by allowing Mrs. Goldschmidt to romp with charming irresponsibility through the Kreutzer and other masterworks, he finally reduces us to despair by fetching Mr. Neitzel to hammer at Bach in the style thought proper in the fifties and to play so modern a composer as Saint-Saëns with a regularity of pulse that would do credit to a metronome or the most pedantic of English Academics. Why he cannot occasionally give us a programme entirely composed of fine things, and sometimes bring a pianist who neither converts the theme (for variations) in the Kreutzer into a barn-dance nor treats Bach like a musical doctor, are problems which may be left to those who wish to know why there is no rose without its thorn, as poets, who are no botanists, complain. The Sarasate-Neitzel combination is certainly the least satisfactory heard for some time in London. Ysaye and Delafosse were bad enough; Sarasate and Marx in the bigger music made one long for a large-sized blunderbuss loaded with old iron and many pounds of powder; but whereas both the Ysaye-Delafosse and Sarasate-Marx combinations produced pleasant results in the lighter music, the Sarasate-Neitzel combination has no sooner filled one with implacable feelings of revenge by maltreating Bach, than it makes one anxious to hear anything else—even the Bach again—rather than so methodical and colourless a rendering of some light-hearted, light-headed piece such as the Saint-Saëns sonata. Mr. Neitzel is undoubtedly what one would call an excellent musician: he knows music, so far as mere brain enables one to know it, perfectly: he thoroughly understands the mathematical side of it; but of music as a vehicle for emotion, as a beautiful sound pattern, he knows nothing except by hearsay. His tempera-

ment—or rather his deficiency in temperament—is manifest in his dry, short touch and in the peculiarly shrivelled quality of tone he “elicits,” to use the word made classic by the Baroness von Zedlitz (*née* Beatty-Kingston). In spite of Sarasate’s honeyed tones and really intelligent phrasing of the recitative-like passages in the Bach sonata, nothing approaching the mood, the atmosphere, of that wondrous work was ever attained; the few pretty fragments which occur in the wretched work of art, though infinitely skilful exercise, by Saint-Saëns were lost through the deadly monotonous strictness of time; and entirely for the dreariness of the Bach, and partly for the tediousness of the Saint-Saëns, only Mr. Neitzel could be blamed. Sarasate should think what will be written of him a couple of centuries hence: an excellent player of light music, but despite his supernatural accuracy of intonation, his marvellous technique, his unsurpassed loveliness of tone, he never succeeded in playing the great music. And I am more and more inclined to attribute his failure to the fact that he permits himself to be influenced by accompanists who are immeasurably inferior to him as artists. Come, Mr. Sarasate, let us hear Beethoven, Mozart and Bach, for once at any rate, played by yourself and a pianist who is neither a little temperament and no seriousness nor immense seriousness and no temperament.

On Wednesday afternoon there were wonderful doings at St. James’s Hall. For twenty or twenty-five minutes I sat in dumb admiration while some young men and maidens sang in as curious a fashion as it has ever been my lot to hear. In some respects the young people appeared to be well trained: they phrased intelligently and put expression—often a little too much expression—into their tones, and the tones themselves were not at all bad in quality. The odd thing was that not a young man or maiden of the lot seemed capable of sustaining a note with anything approaching evenness: all, at least, that I heard insisted upon pumping out their voices, making a crescendo and decrescendo upon every note, no matter how short it might be. The effect was precisely the effect of an accordion played by a master; each swelling and subsidence of the volume of tone moved one’s bowels precisely as an accordion moves them; and by shutting one’s eyes one could easily fancy the sounds as coming from so many human accordions each held in the grip of a virtuoso. Unfortunately in a moment of panic I dropped my programme and precipitately quitted the hall, so that I have not the faintest notion of who the vocalists were; but it may be permitted me to suggest to them that since it is pity for so much excellent teaching to be wasted they might as well turn back for a few weeks and learn the elementary trick of producing a note of level tone.

I may seize the present opportunity of mentioning a book that has cumbered my typewriter for some time, Mrs. Cowden Clarke’s memoirs, “My Long Life.” Apparently Mrs. Clarke is a most charming old lady; but she has managed to get through life without noticing much worth notice. She seems to be exactly what Mrs. Lynn Linton wishes all women save Mrs. Lynn Linton to be. “A volume of farces, which has its table of contents marked by her [Mrs. Clarke’s mother] with a pencilled cross against those pieces she forbade me to read, has caused me never to peruse those particular farces.” Mrs. Clarke, dear old lady, never dreams that it was her highest and most immediate duty to read those farces; she does not realize how a willingness to live within limits marked off by one’s parents or any one older than oneself dwarfs one’s mental growth; she has no inkling of the truth that the world only moves by the new generation trampling contemptuously upon the conventions of the old one. She has walked calmly through life, vexed by no difficulties, accepting the dogmas laid down by those who know nothing, and thinking it something of a virtue to refuse to listen to those who do know. In her memoirs her sister says she “denotes only the hours of sunshine.” She knew Lamb and Leigh Hunt and many another traditional reputation; but she tells us little fresh of them. The learned reader may perhaps wonder why I have dragged Mrs. Clarke in here; and he must be informed that the editor of this paper sent the book to me for review on the shallow pretence that it was in some

way connected with music. The fact is that Mrs. Clarke is a daughter of Vincent Novello, a musician who flourished in a small way at the beginning of the century. Excepting perhaps for Lamb’s mention of him I doubt whether his name would be known to-day had not his son Alfred been a singularly astute business man who founded the publishing firm still known by his name although there has not been a Novello connected with it for many years. That Mrs. Clarke should think Vincent Novello a great musician is perhaps inevitable: one has an almost unconquerable inclination to overrate one’s parents; but the truth is he was a most ordinary person. Some pages of “My Long Life” remind me of how a certain musical critic one evening took me upstairs in a business house off Oxford Street, and standing outside the door of a very ordinary-looking room said in that rasping whisper so familiar to those who have wished to hear the *pianissimo* passages at Richter and Mottl concerts, “This, this is Mr. Alfred’s room!” I don’t know definitely to this day who Mr. Alfred is; but I conjectured that he was “the head of the firm,” and endeavoured by my demeanour to express awe and something of terror. We descended the stairs softly and did not speak again until we were in the open air. J. F. R.

#### TOUJOURS SHAKESPEARE.

“The Manxman.” Dramatized by Wilson Barrett from a novel by Hall Caine. Lyric Theatre, 16 November, 1896.

“A White Elephant,” an original farce in three acts, by R. C. Carton. Comedy Theatre, 19 November, 1896.

“The Kiss of Delilah.” By George Grant and James Lisle. Drury Lane, 28 November, 1896.

“As You Like It.” St. James’s Theatre, 2 December, 1896.

ON visiting the Lyric Theatre at Mr. Wilson Barrett’s invitation I was much taken aback to find the Manxman still extant. For did I not slay him at the Shaftesbury, and remonstrate vehemently with Mr. Hall Caine for letting him loose? Happily, he is not his old self at the Lyric. He only lends his Manxsome name to an elaborate pretext for a display of acting by Mr. Wilson Barrett in a Ham Peggotty part. And a very excellent piece of acting it is too—skilful and well judged in execution to the last degree, with just the right feeling and the right humour, and built, not on a virtuous hero formula, but on a definite idiosyncratic character conception. Add to this central attraction such effects of Mr. Wilson Barrett’s unrivalled managership as the quiet certainty of the business and effects, the excellent lighting of the stage, the simple touches of verisimilitude just in the right places, the filling of the small parts apparently by picked character actors (though really only by young people who have had a competent adviser instead of being left to themselves or deliberately set wrong, as they are at most theatres), and you have the materials for a success out of all proportion to the merits of “The Manxman” as a serious modern play. Having an unconquerable respect for a man who knows his business, I find in a production like this a satisfaction proof against the fact that to my mind the virtues of Pete Quilliam would not only justify any woman in leaving him, but must, if she were human, absolutely drive her to do so in spite of all ties. The great merit of Mr. Wilson Barrett’s version is that it almost dispenses with that profound study of a human soul, the Deemster. Having dismissed him myself, at first sight, with the thumb to the nose, I did not regret his absence. I do not see why Mr. Hall Caine should not write excellent dramas if he would give up wallowing in second-hand literary pathos, and realize the value of actual life. But, after all, the people who prefer cheap plays would be the losers; and why should they be sacrificed to please superior persons like me?

“A White Elephant” at the Comedy is as pleasant as Mr. Carton’s plays usually are, but has their easy-going defect of not making the most either of itself or of the cast. Nobody is more fertile than Mr. Carton in happy notions, both of story and character; and nobody, ap-



parently, is more flippantly incapable of keeping hold of them or working them out to any telling purpose. He has had a capital idea of a part for Mr. Hawtrey, which, after all, does not come to much; a capital idea of a part for Miss Boucicault, which comes to less; and a capital idea of a part for Miss Lottie Venne, which so nearly comes to nothing at all that it is with the greatest difficulty that she is brought on the stage for a few minutes in the last act to utter a handful of the poorest lines that ever fell to the lot of an all-but-extra lady in a musical farce. There are only two good parts in the piece: one, Mrs. Nickleby at the age of thirty, most amusingly played and perfectly interpreted by Miss Compton, who really does know how to study a character and act it; and the other a fretful middle-class lord of creation, realized with most effective vividness through the energy and concentration of Mr. Brookfield, who gains ground instead of losing it by changing from short parts to long ones. Two unimportant parts are raised to prominence by the performers, Mr. Kemble being funny as the gouty old guest, whilst Mrs. Charles Calvert is quite stupendous as the housekeeper. Her part, as written by Mr. Carton, is nothing but a few scraps of Gampish, Mrs. Brownish fun, such as any of the staff of "Punch" could reel off by the yard. As conceived by Mrs. Calvert, and developed in eloquent silence between the scraps, it is a creation, not to be contemplated without shrieks of laughter tempered by an awestruck conviction of its reality. A more perfect example of comic acting based, not on a bag of tricks and a few caricatured poses and grimaces, but on the golden rule, "Take care of the character, and the lines will take care of themselves," could not be desired. Miss Mansfield, on the other hand, is again forced into caricature by one of those silly parts which will end by costing her the reputation she gained in "The Prude's Progress," by her clever playing of a part which was not silly. Mr. Eric Lewis, with Messrs Cecil Ramsay and W. T. Lovell, make up a cast of prodigal brilliancy.

At Drury Lane we have had another drama, ostensibly by George Grant and James Lisle, but really, I suppose, by Mr. John Coleman. My regard for Mr. Coleman forbids me to dwell on the results of his amiable but deplorable addiction to dramatic composition. Mr. Hermann Vezin stood between the audience and Mr. Coleman's Robespierre with sufficient resolution to get him safely past a not altogether spontaneously assembled audience; and Miss Hilda Spong wrecked herself devotedly on the part of Herminie Vanhove, which I humbly advise her not to play again. Miss Edith Jordan and Mr. Sam Johnson added to the devastation by copious doses of "comic relief." Altogether a horribly bad play.

The irony of Fate prevails at the St. James's Theatre. For years we have been urging the managers to give us Shakespeare's plays as he wrote them, playing them intelligently and enjoyingly as pleasant stories, instead of mutilating them, altering them, and celebrating them as superstitious rites. After three hundred years Mr. George Alexander has taken us at our words, as far as the clock permits, and given us "As You Like It" at full four hours' length. And, alas! it is just too late: the Bard gets his chance at the moment when his obsolescence has become unendurable. Nevertheless, we were right; for this production of Mr. Alexander's, though the longest, is infinitely the least tedious, and, in those parts which depend on the management, the most delightful I have seen. But yet, what a play! It was in "As You Like It" that the sententious William first began to openly exploit the fondness of the British Public for sham moralizing and stage "philosophy." It contains one passage that specially exasperates me. Jacques, who spends his time, like Hamlet, in vainly emulating the wisdom of Sancho Panza, comes in laughing in a superior manner because he has met a fool in the forest, who

"Says very wisely, It is ten o'clock.

Thus we may see [quoth he] how the world wags.

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven.

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe;

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale."

Now, considering that this fool's platitude is precisely

the "philosophy" of Hamlet, Macbeth ("To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow," &c.), Prospero, and the rest of them, there is something unendurably aggravating in Shakespeare giving himself airs with Touchstone, as if he, the immortal, ever, even at his sublimest, had anything different or better to say himself. Later on he misses a great chance. Nothing is more significant than the statement that "all the world's a stage." The whole world is ruled by theatrical illusion. Between the Cæsars, the emperors, the Christian heroes, the Grand Old Men, the kings, prophets, saints, heroes and judges, of the newspapers and the popular imagination, and the actual Juliuses, Napoleons, Gordons, Gladstones, and so on, there is the same difference as between Hamlet and Sir Henry Irving. The case is not one of fanciful similitude, but of identity. The great critics are those who penetrate and understand the illusion: the great men are those who, as dramatists planning the development of nations, or as actors carrying out the drama, are behind the scenes of the world instead of gaping and gushing in the auditorium after paying their taxes at the doors. And yet Shakespeare, with the rarest opportunities of observing this, lets his pregnant metaphor slip, and, with his usual incapacity for pursuing any idea, wanders off into a grandmotherly Elizabethan edition of the advertisement of Cassell's "Popular Educator." How anybody over the age of seven can take any interest in a literary toy so silly in its conceit and common in its ideas as the Seven Ages of Man passes my understanding. Even the great metaphor itself is inaccurately expressed; for the world is a playhouse, not merely a stage; and Shakespeare might have said so without making his blank verse scan any worse than Richard's exclamation, "All the world to nothing!"

And then Touchstone, with his rare jests about the knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes! Who would endure such humour from any one but Shakespeare?—an Eskimo would demand his money back if a modern author offered him such fare. And the comfortable old Duke, symbolical of the British villa dweller, who likes to find "sermons in stones and good in everything," and then to have a good dinner! This unvenerable impostor, expanding on his mixed diet of pious twaddle and venison, rouses my worst passions. Even when Shakespeare, in his efforts to be a social philosopher, does rise for an instant to the level of a sixth-rate Kingsley, his solemn self-complacency infuriates me. And yet, so wonderful is his art, that it is not easy to disentangle what is unbearable from what is irresistible. Orlando one moment says:

"Whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible

Under the shade of melancholy boughs

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,"

which, though it indicates a thoroughly unhealthy imagination, and would have been impossible to, for instance, Chaucer, is yet magically fine of its kind. The next moment he tacks on lines which would have revolted Mr. Pecksniff:

"If ever you have looked on better days,

If ever been where bells have knolled to church,

[How perfectly the atmosphere of the rented  
pew is caught in this incredible line!]

If ever sat at any good man's feast,

If ever from your eyelids wiped—"

I really shall get sick if I quote any more of it. Was ever such canting, snivelling, hypocritical unctuousness exuded by an actor anxious to show that he was above his profession, and was a thoroughly respectable man in private life? Why cannot all this putrescence be cut out of the play, and only the vital parts—the genuine story-telling, the fun, the poetry, the drama, be retained? Simply because, if nothing were left of Shakespeare but his genius, our Shakespeareolaters would miss all that they admire in him.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the fascination of "As You Like It" is still very great. It has the overwhelming advantage of being written for the most part in prose instead of in blank verse, which any fool can write. And such prose! The first scene alone, with its energy of exposition, each phrase driving its meaning and feeling in up to the head at one brief, sure stroke, is worth ten acts of the ordinary Elizabethan

sing-song. It cannot be said that the blank verse is reserved for those passages which demand a loftier expression, since Le Beau and Corin drop into it, like Mr. Silas Wegg, on the most inadequate provocation; but at least there is not much of it. The popularity of *Rosalind* is due to three main causes. First, she only speaks blank verse for a few minutes. Second, she only wears a skirt for a few minutes (and the dismal effect of the change at the end to the wedding-dress ought to convert the stupidest champion of petticoats to rational dress). Third, she makes love to the man instead of waiting for the man to make love to her—a piece of natural history which has kept Shakespeare's heroines alive, whilst generations of properly governed young ladies, taught to say "No" three times at least, have miserably perished.

The performance at the St. James's is in some respects very good and in no respect very bad or even indifferent. Miss Neilson's *Rosalind* will not bear criticism for a moment; and yet the total effect is pardonable, and even pleasant. She bungles speech after speech; and her attacks of Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Patrick Campbell are acute, sudden and numerous; but her personal charm carries her through; and her song is a great success: besides, who ever failed, or could fail, as *Rosalind*? Miss Fay Davis is the best *Celia* I ever saw, and Miss Dorothea Baird the prettiest *Phœbe*, though her part is too much cut to give her any chance of acting. Miss Kate Phillips is an appallingly artificial *Audrey*; for, her style being either smart or nothing, her conscientious efforts to be lumpish land her in the impossible. And then, what is that artistically metropolitan complexion doing in the Forest of Arden?

Ass as *Jaques* is, Mr. W. H. Vernon made him more tolerable than I can remember him. Every successive production at the St. James's leaves one with a greater admiration than before for Mr. Vernon's talent. That servile apostle of working-class Thrift and Teetotalism (O William Shakespeare, Esquire, you who died drunk, WHAT a moral chap you were!) hight Adam, was made about twenty years too old by Mr. Loraine, who, on the other hand, made a charming point by bidding farewell to the old home with a smile instead of the conventional tear. Mr. Fernandez impersonated the banished Duke as well as it is in the nature of *Jaques's* Boswell to be impersonated; Mr. H. B. Irving plays Oliver very much as anybody else would play *Iago*, yet with his faults on the right side; Mr. Vincent retains his lawful speeches (usually purloined by *Jaques*) as the First Lord; and Mr. Esmond tries the picturesque, attitudinizing, galvanic, Bedford Park style on Touchstone, worrying all effect out of the good lines, but worrying some into the bad ones. Mr. Wheeler, as Charles, catches the professional manner very happily; and the wrestling bout is far and away the best I have seen on the stage. To me, the wrestling is always the main attraction of an "As You Like It" performance, since it is so much easier to find a man who knows how to wrestle than one who knows how to act. Mr. Alexander's Orlando I should like to see again later on. The qualities he showed in it were those which go without saying in his case; and now that he has disposed of the really big achievement of producing the play with an artistic intelligence and a practical ability never, as far as my experience goes, applied to it before, he will have time to elaborate a part lying easily within his powers, and already very attractively played by him. There are ten other gentlemen in the cast; but I can only mention Mr. Aubrey Smith, whose appearance as "the humorous Duke" (which Mr. Vincent Sternroyd, as Le Beau, seemed to understand as a duke with a sense of humour, like Mr. Gilbert's Mikado) was so magnificent that it taxed all his powers to live up to his own aspect.

The scene where the two boys come in and sing "It was a lover and his lass" to Touchstone has been restored by Mr. Alexander with such success that I am inclined to declare it the most delightful moment in the whole representation. Mr. Edward German has rearranged his "Henry VIII." music for the masque of Hymen at the end. Hymen, beauteous to gorgeousness, is impersonated by Miss Opp.

The production at this Christmas season could not be more timely. The children will find the virtue of

Adam and the philosophy of *Jaques* just the thing for them; whilst their elders will be delighted by the pageantry and the wrestling. G. B. S.

## MONEY MATTERS.

OF course there was no change in the Bank rate on Thursday, notwithstanding the decrease of £555,000 in the reserve of the Bank. That change did not in any way affect the question of the foreign exchanges, as the amount of gold taken for export was only £89,000. The Bank Reserve, and the Money Market in general, are at present subject to the abnormal but regularly recurring influences incidental to the end of a banking half-year.

Of all the departments of the Stock Exchange, the most active at the present moment is Industrials, and one or two features in this class of stocks have been very conspicuous. One is the rise in Allsopps, which were "made up" at the last Settlement at the price of 168, and are now quoted 181-2. The shares of J. & P. Coats, too, have been much in demand, and on Thursday touched the price of 62, though a slight reaction followed. It has been understood that the recent amalgamation gave the Company a practical monopoly; but we doubt if this is so, and the present rise, we imagine, is not altogether unconnected with the possibility that in the near future there may be absorbed some dangerous, if comparatively small, competitors. There has also been some considerable demand for Naval Construction and Maxim-Nordenfeldt shares. In the case of the former the reason assigned is a rumour that the business is to be sold to some syndicate, the composition of which is not known, on the basis of £5 per share—the par value. The rise has been noticeable for some days, and culminated on Thursday by a sharp rise from 4½ to the par value of £5. We are not quite sure as yet whether this sensational rise in Naval Construction has any connexion with the similar movement in Maxim-Nordenfeldts. Within a few days they rose 10s., to 3½. At all events, there is obviously something of importance going on in that particular department of joint stock enterprise. As regards the Maxim company, however, an alternative explanation is suggested. The last yearly dividend was at the rate of 2s. per £5 share. It is understood that the earnings for the current year are sufficient to allow of a payment of 10s., though it is not expected that the distribution will be made on such a generous scale.

Allsopps are once more on the upward tack, and although they have still some leeway to make up before they touch the high-water mark of the current year, there are indications that ere long this will be accomplished. The Money Market conditions were, no doubt, responsible for the recent fall which took place; but in view of the prospects of cheaper money after the turn of the year it is expected that the price of this stock will be considerably enhanced. The present price of 182 is still some six points lower than the highest figure touched this year; but when it is remembered that the stock has risen no fewer than thirteen points since last settlement, the strength of the market will be understood.

The decision of the Court of Appeal at Alexandria regarding the Egyptian Reserve Fund hardly caused a flutter in the market. It was regarded as inequitable, and in all probability it involves a further Egyptian loan in order to comply with the judgment that the Egyptian Government shall replace the £500,000 taken from the Reserve to provide for the cost of the Dongola expedition. But the credit of Egypt is so good that there will not be the slightest difficulty in raising the money if required; and the very fact of its being easily raised will not only strengthen our position in Egypt, but will also be an object lesson of the benefits which are being conferred on that country and in particular on its financial credit by the British occupation. We do not think that investors have any reason to regret the decision, however much they may be disposed to criticize it on academic grounds.



International stocks have been fairly good during the week. There was some fear of trouble in connexion with the Paris settlement; but it passed over smoothly enough. The disagreeable feature for the London market is the persistent unloading of Kaffir shares by Continental operators. The Kaffir department is the weakest spot in the market at present. There is no specific cause of trouble, but both at home and on the Continent there exists a tendency to get out. In view of this it will be of interest to give the appended table of the comparative range of prices of representative South African shares:—

	1895-6.		Price 3 Dec. 1896.	Total Dividends.	
	Highest.	Lowest.		1895.	1896.
Bautjes Consolidated ..	5 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	—	—
Langlaagte (Block B) ..	3 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	—	—
Bonanza ..	3 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	—	—
Buffelsdoorn ..	9 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	15	—
Crown Reef ..	12 1/2	8 1/2	9 1/2	15	32
New Chimes ..	4 1/2	—	—	11	1
City and Suburban ..	8	3 1/2	3 1/2	—	—
De Beers ..	3 1/2	1 1/2	23 1/2	25	40
Durban Roodepoort ..	8 1/2	5 1/2	6 1/2	12	6
Eastleigh ..	2 1/2	—	—	—	—
East Randt ..	12 1/2	2 1/2	2 1/2	—	—
Ferreira ..	22	14 1/2	18	13	38
Geldenhuis Estate ..	7 1/2	2 1/2	2 1/2	6	2 6
Glencairn ..	4 1/2	1 1/2	2	3	—
Henry Nourse ..	8 1/2	4 1/2	6	—	—
Heriots (New) ..	17 1/2	7 1/2	7 1/2	24	18
Jubilee ..	12 1/2	7	7	18	10
Jumpers ..	8 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2	10	6
Knights ..	11 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2	—	—
Langlaagte Royal ..	5 1/2	4	—	—	—
Meyer and Charlton ..	8 1/2	4 1/2	5	6	5
Nigel ..	8 1/2	2	2	—	—
Orion ..	4 1/2	—	—	—	—
New Primrose ..	8 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2	9	5
Robinson ..	11 1/2	7	7	11	13
Salisbury ..	6 1/2	2 1/2	2 1/2	—	—
Sheba ..	2 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	—	3
Stanhope ..	2 1/2	—	—	—	1
Wemmer ..	13 1/2	6 1/2	6 1/2	20	30
Worcester ..	6	3 1/2	3 1/2	10	10

It will be seen from the above that in the majority of cases the present prices are near the lowest level touched since the beginning of 1895. As a well-known jobber remarked the other day, "There is nothing intrinsically wrong with Kaffir shares. It is purely a question of market conditions." That is perfectly true; but, all the same, we look for a rise in Westralians before one in Kaffirs, and this is also the view of the professional authority whose remark we have quoted.

This week's traffic returns of the Home Railway Companies are again, as a rule, eminently satisfactory; and the aggregates which are now published for twenty-two weeks in the cases of the English railways, and eighteen weeks for the Scotch lines, show a very substantial gain. Taking seventeen of the representative English lines, we find a recorded increase—estimated of course—to the extent of nearly £900,000 in gross earnings. By the end of the half-year this increase should exceed the million pounds. The most important contributors to the total are the Great Eastern with £78,980; the Great Western with £113,670; the London and North-Western with £162,573; the Midland (which always underestimates its takings) with £125,623; and the North-Eastern with £136,798. The Scotch Companies also have been doing remarkably well; but as their half-year ends, not at 31 December, but at 31 January, the time has not yet arrived for discussion of the probable results. But it is prudent to be a little ahead of the times, and when we find that in the course of eighteen weeks the Caledonian Company has accumulated traffic increases to the extent of £27,329, the Glasgow and South-Western, £20,240, and the North British, £35,481, such stocks as Coras and North British Ordinary become worth looking after by those who hunger for speculative risks, and do not like to come in "a day after the fair."

During the week there has been a remarkable inquiry for South-Eastern "A" and Chatham Preference. This appears to be due to the flotation of the Kent Coalfields. It will take a great deal of argument and of hard facts to convince us that this enterprise has any reasonable prospect of success. It may be all right; but unless we are misinformed as to the genesis of the Company, it does not come from a promising quarter. We shall see. These Kent coalfield shares have had a somewhat chequered career. They have been up to 1 1/2; ten days ago they were as low as

£1; on Thursday the price was 3 1/2. These fluctuations are very interesting to watch; but we must remark that it would be interesting to see a prospectus. At present we are almost in the dark as to the basis on which the capital has been subscribed.

We shall not be at all surprised if Brighton "A" is taken vigorously in hand in the near future. Like other Home railways, the Brighton has been doing very well during the current half-year; but the point which promises to give the stock special prominence in the market is the fact that it now carries eleven months of accrued dividend. The market estimate of the dividend for the year is 7 1/2 per cent. and at 183 the deduction of that dividend makes the stock look cheap.

Scotch Railway stocks are very cheap at present, if the difficulty with the engineers can be got over. At present the stocks are rather hanging fire on the postponement of a settlement of the question to the 12th inst. It is believed, however, that the matter will not now be troublesome to settle; and when this incubus is removed from the market in Scotch Rails there ought to be a sharp rally. The traffic returns warrant it.

Home Rails are suffering from the fact that the public has got muddled as to the causes which led in the first instance to a sort of boom in the stocks, and in the second instance to a reaction. And yet the situation is in reality clear enough. Any amount of capital was forthcoming during the past six years for any respectable venture at home, and Home Rail Ordinary Stocks were prominent favourites. The existence for two years and seven months of a 2 per cent. Bank rate accentuated that desire, and when money became rather dearer there was a reaction. But unless we altogether misread the situation, we shall find before many weeks have passed that attention in the market is devoted to the promising dividend prospects of such stocks as Coras and British.

Not in the immediate future, but a little later on, we shall probably hear a good deal about a group of New Zealand mines controlled by the Exploration Company, which is practically Messrs. Rothschild, and by the New Zealand Exploration Company, of which the heads are Baron James de Hirsch and a number of other Paris capitalists. There is a great deal of development work yet to be done, and the movement we anticipate may be deferred for some time; but there is no harm in mentioning the names of the leading mines comprised in the group. They are the Aroha and the New Zealand Crown; while largely interested in the same group are the United New Zealand Exploration Company, and the Consolidated Goldfields of New Zealand. In the shares of the last named there was considerable activity a short time ago; but it has ceased; and the shares which had been as high as 4 1/2 are now very quiet at about 2 1/2.

In the Westralian Market the situation is a curious one. The Lady Hampton affair still dominates the market, and it is uncertain when and how it will be settled. All sorts of rumours are current; but the report which has the best claim to authenticity in this connexion is to the effect that Messrs. Stoneham and Messenger, contending that they have a good case, are assuming a *non-possumus* attitude; so that, after all, we may have the *cause célèbre* to which, a week ago, we referred as a probable contingency. Another disturbing element in the Westralian Market is the fear that things are not as they seem in regard to the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited. The market did not take kindly to the postponement of the meeting, and further developments are awaited with much interest. We shall be particularly interested in what transpires at the meeting when it does come off. The shares have had their spurt. They are now hovering round about 4, having been as high as 4 1/2. Generally speaking, they move with London and Globe; and, apart from the fact that the control is practically in the same hands, we must not forget that both Companies are deeply interested in Lake View Consols.

Talking about these shares, we have to record that at the time of writing the market was fairly steady at about £7 per share. The price has been as high as £8, but has fallen away to what, under existing circumstances, seems a more reasonable level. The Westralian market in general is suffering from the absence of public support. What business passes is, for the most part, of the professional kind. There is a prevalent belief in the mining potentialities of the colony, but an infinite amount of harm has been done by the flotation of so many companies which have no reason for their existence except the possession of a richer "pocket" of ore, which might be profitably utilized for prospectus purposes.

The Union Bank of Spain and England is going to be wound up voluntarily—that is, if the shareholders agree to the directors' proposal. The subscribed capital is £450,050, of which £250,250 is paid up, being £10 a share on 24,975 shares of £18, and 500 fully paid Founders' shares. The bank does not appear to have been well managed, and at all events has not been prosperous. The proposal of the directors, put shortly, is to pay off the debts and to turn over the assets to a new company to be formed for the purpose of acquiring and realizing them. The bank can meet its liabilities, which consist almost entirely of deposits, but it cannot at present make a profit, and its assets require nursing. By passing these assets on to a realization company, the directors say truly that the shareholders will be spared the cost of a long liquidation. For every bank share, which now stands at £2, and on which there is a call of £8, a fully-paid share in the new company will be given. These new shares will be of small nominal value, to save expense, and it is out of future dividends that the shareholders, it is hoped, will be recouped. For a "lock-up" the present bank shares at £2 would not be a bad investment, as many of the assets, it is believed, only require time for realization. The scheme is a fair one, and, as it has been drawn up by the Board in conjunction with some of the largest shareholders, will no doubt be carried.

In Rhodesia the outlook is not particularly encouraging. Earl Grey has sent to the Chartered Company a letter which he expressly describes as an informal communication. It will take some time to put to a practical test the vital question as to whether there is a fair chance of remunerative working for gold mines in Mashonaland and in Matabeleland. Railway construction is proceeding with remarkable rapidity, and will ere long enable the companies already established to apply the requisite test by allowing them to get mining machinery into the country at comparatively reasonable freight rates. But the situation has become so complicated that the inauguration of fresh enterprise is not to be looked for until the pioneer companies have by actual working demonstrated that there is really a reasonable chance for successful new enterprises.

Up to Wednesday the tendency of American Rails was drooping; but on that day there was an improvement. On Thursday there was a slight reaction during business hours, but there was a recovery to some extent in the "Street" prices, which are regulated by the cabled advices from Wall Street. There the difference of longitude involves the fact that it is not until about 3.20 P.M. that we can get in London the opening prices of the New York Stock Exchange. The tendency, on the whole, is not unfavourable, but the market is dominated at present by currency questions, and by economic controversies which cause the British investor to stand aside.

The business of Chaffey Brothers, Limited, was supposed until a comparatively recent date to be a prosperous one, but in May last a winding-up order was granted on the petition of a creditor. It was a half-hearted sort of order, as it restricted the powers of the Provisional Liquidator to taking possession of, collecting and protecting the assets, which are not to be distributed or parted with until further order. The Company is domiciled in Australia, and meetings of share-

holders in the Australian Colonies have resolved upon voluntary liquidation. Owing to the fact that the officers of the Company resident in this country are not in possession of sufficient information to enable a complete statement of affairs to be made, the Court had absolved them from the usual obligation to prepare and submit a statement of affairs. The business conducted by Chaffey Brothers was that of an irrigation farm at Mildura in Victoria, and at some place in South Australia. The irrigation, however, appears to have applied particularly to the capital of the Company, and which come to grief. The shares were hardly known in England, but the debentures, by reason of assiduous puffing, were taken up not wisely but too well. In his report the Official Receiver gives most elaborate statements of account, but remarks regarding them that "it will be understood, of course, that these are the figures which appear in the Company's books, and that, as regards the assets, they do not represent in any way the amount which may be expected to be realized." As a charitable institution Chaffey Brothers, Limited, is to be commended; as a commercial undertaking it is to be condemned. The interest involved in this country is that of the debenture-holders, and the Official Receiver says that, in the event of the failure of negotiations for the purchase of their interest, their position will be precarious. Our own impression is that the position of these people is precarious, whether the negotiations are successful or not.

#### NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE "MINERVA" NAILLESS HORSESHOE (ENGLISH AND COLONIAL) COMPANY, LIMITED.  
CAPITAL, £150,000.

With a Board of Directors of exceptional strength, but a rather incomplete and weak prospectus, this Company appeals to the public for £100,000, and will probably get it. The invention is undoubtedly a valuable one. Both military and veterinary authorities have pronounced the "Minerva" shoe to be the safest, most durable, neatest, and most humane kind of foot-gear ever devised for the horse. We think, however, that the directors have been a little too sanguine in estimating a net profit of £45,000 per annum. To estimate that the Company will shoe ten per cent. of all the horses in England is hardly reasonable. Another point to which we regret to have to draw attention is the absence from the prospectus of the opinion of Mr. Bousfield, Q.C., as to the novelty and validity of the patent and also the report of the Patent Agents. These two documents form the basis on which every inventor in a patent relies or should rely for guidance. It is true that these documents can be seen at the offices of the solicitors to the Company, but the country investor does not want to come to London for the purpose of inspection nor should he be expected to do so. Another serious fact in connexion with the compilation of this prospectus we should like explained. The capital is £150,000; the purchase price £100,000, of which £50,000 is payable in shares. If, as stated, at least £20,000 is to be reserved for working capital, why is £100,000 offered for subscription? What becomes of the odd £30,000. Will the directors explain?

DARBY, NOTT & CO., LIMITED—CAPITAL, £200,000.

This is another of the many impudent attempts which have recently been made to extract gold from the pockets of the investor. Amalgamations of any kind where the number of concerns is large are rarely satisfactory. In the case of Darby, Nott & Co., however, to amalgamate ironmongery shops in different towns situated as far apart as Clapham Junction and Ulverston and Penarth and Bishop Auckland is to court failure. We are, too, very far from being satisfied with the certificate of Messrs. Bromhead & Co.—who are Messrs. Bromhead & Co., by the way, and what is their reputation in valuing and accountancy circles? They say "the total net profits *now actually being earned* amount to £23,010 per annum." The italics are our own, and it will be observed that not even an average net profit is stated. What, may we ask, were the net profits for 1894 and 1895? and how did Messrs. Brom-



head & Co. arrive at the before-mentioned figures of £23,010? Was it by taking a percentage of profit on the sale? Are the books of little retail ironmongers so well kept that the figures can be properly verified as to the net profits? It is mere impudence in such a connexion as this to quote the present price of shares of well-known concerns like John Barker & Co., Limited, D. H. Evans & Co., Limited, Harrod's Stores, Limited, and Jones & Higgins, Limited, as an indication of what the shares of Darby, Nott & Co. may attain! The subscription list only closed yesterday (Friday), so that there is yet time for any of our readers to cancel their applications and demand the return of their money should they desire to do so after reading our criticism.

THE BRITISH AND BENINGTON'S TEA TRADING ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

In the prospectus of this Company the old trick of stating that no promotion money or underwriting money will be paid is again resorted to. We can quite understand that no underwriting money will be paid. The underwriter of substance who would underwrite this issue, or any part of it, would be difficult to find. Why have the net profits not been set out year by year instead of an average net profit only being given? How is it possible for an investor to know whether the profits for 1894 or 1895 showed a serious decrease? Another most unsatisfactory feature of the prospectus is the fact that all the directors are vendors. The shareholders will have no independent representation on the board. Again, is not £90,000 rather a heavy figure for goodwill and trade marks? It is the issue of prospectuses like the above which deter many investors from investing in really sound ventures. There is difficulty in always discriminating between the good and the bad.

OBAN PALACE HOTEL AND HYDROPATHIC COMPANY, LIMITED.

This Company, which has a fairly good Board of Directors, has been formed to purchase and complete a first-class hotel and hydropathic establishment at Oban with no less than 50 acres of land attached. It seems that £40,000 has already been expended on the property. There will be 500 bedrooms, and every possible convenience for indoor and outdoor amusements. The capital is £250,000, divided into £100,000 Four-and-a-Half First Mortgage Debenture Stock; £60,000 of Six per Cent. Preference shares, and £90,000 of Ordinary shares. The purchase price has been fixed at £60,000, payable as to £25,000 in debentures, £10,000 in Ordinary shares, and the balance in cash or cash and shares. The net profit per annum is expected to exceed £21,000. This allows the payment of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the debentures, 6 per cent. on the Preference, and 7 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. We are surprised that the promoters did not appoint Scotch brokers. It would surely have helped the subscription.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

WEST AUSTRALIA. (Croydon).—It is difficult to give you a list of really good and at the same time cheap Westralian Mining shares. It would involve a complete knowledge we do not pretend to possess.

RIDGWAY'S PREFERENCE.—We do not advise a purchase. There are practically no assets.

QUERIST.—Wait the result of the forthcoming meeting. Write again.

GILLET'S STORES.—We should prefer to sell and invest in a better known industrial security.

JONES & HIGGINS, PECKHAM.—These shares will go better. There are not many dealings so far.

SCARBOROUGH.—S. A.—We think Coras, Chatham Seconds, South Western Deferred, and Glasgow and South-Western Deferred.

MIDLANDS.—Yes; these and Great Westerns would suit you.

SAN JORGE NITRATES.—We do not think very highly of the security you refer to.

H. M. (Chatham).—Buy more of each to average at the existing low prices.

THOMSON (Canterbury).—Yes. The Six per Cent. Preference Shares of Richard Stephenson, Limited, seem a good investment.

BRITISH MOTOR (Highgate).—We should not be surprised if they went better; but if you want the money you should realise.

ENGLISH INCANDESCENT.—Quite speculative. We hear of a new incandescent light soon to be put on the market which is a better and purer light, and is not an infringement.

OBAN HOTEL.—Your views coincide with our own.

EVANS & ALLEN, LIMITED.—The Founders' shares are worth picking up at £4 each.

BENDIGO GOLDFIELDS.—A fair speculation.

ALLSOPPS.—On no account "bear" Allsopps. The reverse tactics would, perhaps, pay you better.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MR. ANDREW LANG AS CRITIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In this month's "Longman's" Mr. Andrew Lang comments somewhat strangely on my article entitled "Since the Elizabethans," published in "Cosmopolis" for October.

It happened to me to spend a few days last summer in an English village. As I drove from the railway station to the lodging which had been hired for me, I noticed a pleasant river, which seemed to promise excellent fishing. I mentioned the river to my landlady.

"Oh yes, sir," she said, "there is very good fishing here—many people come here for fishing."

"What kind of people come here?" I asked distractedly.

"Literary gentlemen come here very often, sir: we had Mr. Andrew Lang staying here."

"Oh really . . . does he fish? Is he a good fisherman?"

"Yes, sir; he fishes beautifully."

"Really! Does he catch much?"

"No, sir; he never catches anything, but he fishes beautifully."—Yours truly, GEORGE MOORE.

### MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S STATISTICS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SCHOOL BOARD FOR LONDON, VICTORIA

EMBANKMENT, W.C., 1 December, 1896.

SIR,—Your analysis of the Board of Trade figures quoted by Mr. Chamberlain before the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce in your last issue might have been carried a point further. Although a comparison of the value of the total exports of domestic produce from the United Kingdom in the years 1885 and 1894 shows an increase of three millions sterling, this is not, as you have shown, a real indication of prosperity, and a comparison of the year 1891 with 1894 shows instead of the small increase referred to above the somewhat alarming decrease of 31 millions sterling. The figures are to be found in the Board of Trade Returns for 1895, p. 1, Table 1, and are these: 1891, £247,235,150; 1894, £215,824,333:—decrease, £31,410,817.

Further, dealing with the exports from the United Kingdom to the principal colonies and dependencies of the British Crown, Mr. Chamberlain stated that these averaged 105 millions in 1884-85, and rose to 113 millions in 1893 to 1895. The figures given for the latter series of years in the Board of Trade Returns (p. 1, Table 3), are—1893, 79 millions; 1894, 79 millions; 1895, 76 $\frac{1}{2}$  millions; or an average of 78—not of 113—millions for the three years. Assuming that Mr. Chamberlain's figures for the years 1884-5 are accurate, the increase of 8 millions which he claimed for the later period is thus transformed into a decrease of 27 millions. I ventured to call Mr. Chamberlain's attention to this discrepancy, and received a courteous reply, in which he expressed his belief in the accuracy of his figures, but referred me to the Board of Trade officials, from whom he obtained them, for any further information. I accordingly addressed my query to the Secretary to the Board of Trade some ten days since, but have received no reply.

One hesitates to criticize one's leaders, with whom we are in cordial agreement on so many points; but one cannot help feeling that no man can retain the optimistic views recently expressed by Mr. Balfour and

Mr. Chamberlain who draws his conclusion from all the information at the command of a Minister, instead of selecting figures which will support a previously adopted theory.—Your obedient servant,

FREDERICK DAVIES, M.S.B.L.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have received a reply from the Board of Trade explaining that the figures quoted in the reports of Mr. Chamberlain's speech as representing "the exports from the United Kingdom to the principal colonies and dependencies of the British Crown" really represented "the imports into the Colonies, &c., from the United Kingdom," which are of course different, inasmuch as the latter include the cost of freight insurance and commission, and also the value of bullion and specie, which are omitted from the former.

The accurate figures for the exports from the United Kingdom to the Colonies are for 1884-85 £87,000,000 average, and for 1893-95 £78,000,000 average, thus converting an alleged increase into a decrease of £9,000,000 per annum.

F. D.

3 December, 1896.

### BEETROOT AND BOUNTIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LIVERPOOL, 25 November, 1896.

SIR,—I have read with painful interest the various letters on the above subject that have appeared in the columns of your valuable paper for several weeks past. Now I wish to add my testimony to the truth of the statements made by "Carbon" and others, who have most clearly and indisputably stated the exact position of affairs. They have traversed the whole ground as to causes and effects, and have shown how the wrongs can be equitably remedied. I do not mean to enter into statistics; but, as one who happens to be a member of the staff of one of the very few surviving sugar refineries in Great Britain, to testify from bitter experience to the evil effects of this iniquitous bounty system.

It may be said that, as an interested person, I am not without prejudice; but I claim to be allowed to lift up my voice in the cause, with some degree of authority, based upon my experience of the fierce struggle, at times against almost overwhelming odds, during the past fifteen years.

I say that the gallant efforts that have been made all along in this country, by improving machinery, perfecting the existing and devising new processes, and in every possible way reducing the cost of production, have deserved a better fate.

In justice to those that have gone, I deny the charge made in a leader of a provincial daily paper, that "There is no doubt, however, that England does not compare well with the Continent in the matter of technical and scientific education." I say such a statement as this adds insult to injury, and is either the outcome of a want of knowledge or a wilful act on the part of a so-called Free-trader to misguide the public. "Carbon," in his excellent letter of the 5th inst., disposes of this argument. He tells us that "the constant cry in foreign papers, from France especially, is that without bounties it would be impossible to compete against British refiners, because of the superior plant which we have here and our greater skill." From what I have seen in Continental refineries that I have visited, I am quite sure that in fair and open competition we would have nothing to fear. The fact of the existence of a few refineries in Great Britain, in spite of the heavy burden of foreign sugar bounties, bears out my statement. Even my German friends interested in sugar refining in various parts of the Continent have expressed surprise at the general results of our systems of working.

As I look back on the past fifteen years what a sad picture of ruin and desolation I see! In our Colonies there are vast waste tracts that once were flourishing sugar estates, representing untold wealth. These were unable to bear the burden, and sank. In our own country, refineries—some of them splendid examples of skill and enterprise, replete with every modern require-

ment, directed by determined men of acknowledged skill and ability—have gone down, one after another, into the abyss of ruin, until now only a few of them remain.

Millions of capital, so essential to the commercial prosperity of a country, have been swallowed up in the slough of unfair competition, and without so much as the drawing of a sigh from our various Governments. To what extent, I ask, has our country not suffered through this indifference? Better had it been for the capitalists, if their money had been placed in securities yielding only the smallest interest, than that they had endeavoured to use it for the national good.

All this is a sad, but too true a picture, as alas! too many are able to confirm. This is not all. There is even a more pitiable side. With each downfall there has been the swelling of the army of unemployed, by men whose occupations have gone through no fault of their own, no fault of their managers, and no fault of their employers. They have been turned adrift, for the greater part wholly unfitted, through the conditions under which they had been labouring, to take up any other kind of skilled work, or even the more heavy kinds of outdoor labouring work.

I ask, with all seriousness, What has our favoured country done to compensate these men, who have been deprived of what to all men is as dear as life—I mean the means of subsistence—especially those who are far down the hill of life? Are they cared for by those who say they benefit by the bounty system? Even though the amount that has been stated to be the gain to the consumer could be divided amongst the destitute sugar-workers, it would be but a miserable portion to each per annum.

We hear much about compensating brewers and publicans, and about relieving destitute Armenians, but no word is heard about protecting our industry, or compensating our more unfortunate refiners and workmen.

I have said nothing about other trades to a greater or less extent dependent upon sugar refining, which have suffered heavily.

I am sure that all persons interested in sugar growing in our colonies, and in sugar refining in this country, are grateful for the amount of space you have devoted to our cause, and for other evidences of interest.

Surely there is enough of the old-time John Bull spirit left in our country to defend the cause of right and justice. I trust that through the medium of your columns the true state of our industry may be understood—that Great Britain may at last be awakened to realize her full responsibility, and that (although we are at the eleventh hour) the long-hoped-for intervention and vigorous action on the part of our Government will be secured.—Yours faithfully,

"CANE SUGAR."

### A LONG-FELT WANT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 November, 1896.

SIR,—Should Her Majesty's Government decide to adopt the suggestion of your correspondent "Educationalist," I hope they will extend their scheme of night schools to include writers other than novelists. Divines like the Dean of Canterbury (who is himself, however, by way of being a novelist) stand seemingly in need of some elementary tuition.

The reverend gentleman contributes to this month's "Contemporary" an article on "Two Archbishops," which contains nothing noteworthy except one remarkable pronouncement. In giving a list of some famous men who have adorned the ministry of the Anglican Church, he speaks of "Samuel Wilberforce, whom, together with John Bright and Mr. Gladstone, I would call the three most truly eloquent speakers whom I have ever heard"! This is a hard saying. If Samuel Wilberforce were indeed the "three most truly eloquent speakers," why mention the other two? Or were the "three most eloquent speakers" in reality five? And this from a gentleman whose Greek Syntax was the delight and solace of the days of my youth!—Yours faithfully,

"PAINED."



## REVIEWS.

## THE JERNINGHAM LETTERS.

"The Jerningham Letters (1780-1843). Being Excerpts from the Correspondence and Diaries of the Hon. Lady Jerningham and of her Daughter, Lady Bedingfeld." Edited by Egerton Castle. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1896.

"THE Jerningham Letters" cannot be said to add a new book to literature or a new document to history. They tell us nothing very important, or very amusing, or very scandalous; they fill up no gaps in our knowledge of persons or things; they cast no very illuminating light on any of the incidents which they chronicle, or any of the characters which they define. They are pleasant, amiable, intelligent, often neatly turned, often quaint with the fashionable affectations of their period; for the most part neither well nor ill written. They have, to begin with, a sort of private interest to a great number of people; for the houses of Jerningham and Dillon are very widely connected. They have a certain special interest in connexion with the history of the Catholic Emancipation. They give one a glimpse, now and again, of persons who have made history, literature, or the romance of life; Kings and Queens and Pretenders, Coleridge, the Chevalier d'Eon. But their real excuse for existence in these two comely volumes is that they are neither more nor less than private letters, written currently, and with no thought of publication, by people who saw a good deal of various kinds of life, in England and in France, and who had eyes to observe, minds to comment upon, and the honesty not to distort, whatever passed before them in the course of their wanderings about the society of two nations. They are very human, and they present us with the characters of their writers, in those unconscious touches which reveal a temperament in a phrase; as when Lady Jerningham writes, "My dear Little girl, I miss you!" or "Adieu, *Petite*, I want you Monsterously!" when Fanny Dillon gushes for page after page, all dashes and italics, yet with a certain sprightliness: "Indeed I could cry to-day if a *pin* was taken from me! Your departure was a total *bouleversement* of all my spirits. My aunt has brought me a pair of that little girl's stockings to mark—which I don't relish much, I own—but I will offer up to God for you the dislike I have to them"; or when Edward Jerningham, "the Poet," sends his New Year's greeting to Lady Bedingfeld: "Tho' I am not rarefied I take this opportunity, offered me by the rarefied Sophia, to send you a line pregnant of good wishes which I hope will not miscarry: and I Trust that every little Desire that was not accomplished last year, may be completed in the new—I don't think that you and I know one another; or rather I think we should suit one another, if we were to associate often, because in peculiarity, oddity, rarefaction, Taste, study, we are not old or young, and those Attributes when mutual have nothing to do with difference of Age or the Rank of Relativeness.—Adieu, and sometimes admit me into that wild Hall of genius, your mind." It is the final Edward ("he seems a mighty fine gentleman," says Madame d'Arblay in her Diary, "looks to be painted, and is all daintification in manner, speech, and dress") who gives the interesting and elaborate account of Coleridge's lectures on Shakespeare and Milton at the Royal Institution (vol. i. pp. 315-316). "My opinion as to the Lectures," he tells Lady Bedingfeld ("Dear Congeliaty," as he addresses her), "is that He possesses a great reach of mind; that He is a wild Enthusiast respecting the objects of his Eulogium; that He is sometimes very eloquent, sometimes paradoxical, sometimes absurd. His voice has something in it particularly plaintive and interesting. His person is short, thick, his countenance not inspirited with any Animation. . . . He was in some respect, I told Him one day, like Abelard: His Lectures were attended by Ladies of the first fashion, by Judges, and Bishops; and I could have added since another Resemblance to Abelard, by the Disgrace his course of Lectures concluded with." Lady Jerningham, who also met Coleridge, gives a more amusing, a more direct im-

pression: "He Came and displayed a superabundance of words; and, though Certainly Clever, I think His ideas Lack behind, which makes Him in the space of an Hour give several Contradictory opinions. He deemed Himself obliged to Play first Violin, and was much fatigued with the violent exertion He made."

It is indeed Lady Jerningham's letters which are filled with the liveliest little pictures; such as these, for instance: "Lucy Sulyard is quite giddy with her emancipation, and I shall be glad when she has tyed herself to a proper choice; she puts on as much Rouge as a French *Dame mariée*, and her eyes are quite elated with the project of Conquest. . . . Lucy Sulyard is quite wild, as her eyes discover, for her motions are demure. She has an immense quantity of Rouge, and is so eager in her looks that I am afraid she will some day blow up." Does not that give one a vivid notion of a vivid little person? Here is another, of "the spurious Mrs. Cary"; she makes "a formal acquaintance with the new *Thais*, but as by chance." "Thais," she writes, "wishes to look modest and will, I hope, attain to it in time: at present there is a downcast Leer which, Looking over very red Cheeks, has not the air of a primitive Catechumen. . . . I do not think her pretty. She seems *passée*; she has an elegant Shape and pretty Size, but is evidently now Rowing up tide, and if (as I hope) she Perseveres in all her good Resolutions, she will, I have not a Doubt, be a very different sort of Person in two or three years hence—when more accustomed to be Limited to good Habits."

Her comments are sometimes naïve. Napoleon is "this dreadful man." "I begin," she says quaintly, "to mistrust all the Continent." However, "the Duke of Wellington goes constantly to the High Mass at Toulouse and dances at the Balls." After the battle of Waterloo she writes: "Those horrid Republicans ought to be Banished for ever from the Kingdom, if not from the World." And she can be severe, not only on political grounds: "M<sup>de</sup> de Tott told me this Little anecdote. She says the Father has a great deal of Folly in Him, *mais c'est une Bête active*. I think it is very well said, for a fool that is quiet merely fills up vacuum in a Room, but a *Bête active* is a dreadful thing."

It is difficult, in reading some of the letters of "the Poet" Edward, not to think of him as something of a *Bête active*. "Your Uncle," writes Lady Jerningham to her daughter, "has written a pamphlet to prove that we are not born in Sin. He has a mind to attack all Christendom at once. . . . I am very sorry that He will not remain with his poetical Muse, from whence many pretty things have come forth." Apparently it is during one of his returns to "his poetical Muse" that he writes: "I hope this will find you and your last little Elegant Extract in perfect health. I have been also brought to Bed of a little *Mental* Child which is now two months old. . . . Adieu, Thou portion of Celestial Promethean Fire. . . . I beg that you will scatter with a wanton hand my Best and affectionate wishes on my Brother and L<sup>dy</sup> Jerningham. Select among them one very glowing wish and present it to S<sup>r</sup> Richard." "Edward Jerningham," says Mr. Castle in his Introduction, "had a very definite reputation as a wit." Let it at least be recorded to his credit that "he was one of the few," said Byron, "who treated me with kindness when I was a boy."

It is by turning over these pages a little at random that the reader will soonest and best appreciate their quality. They do not bear continuous reading; and it is only by the merest accident that one lights upon the best passages: this, in a letter of Lady Jerningham's son Edward, being one of the very best: it is a portrait of "Sister Agnes": "A long pale face, with uncommon clever black eyes, no shape whatever before and a very crooked one behind—bending and bowing forward, a little little old Nun." None of these letters can be really taken as literature; their way of forming a "human document" is by a sort of unconscious drifting together. This is not saying that Mr. Egerton Castle has failed in his duty as an editor. On the contrary, he has succeeded admirably. He has edited "The Jerningham Letters" as such things should be edited: sympathetically, without pedantry, and with an easy accompaniment of useful and unobtrusive annotation.

## BOHEMIA.

"Bohemia, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of National Independence in 1620; with a Short Summary of later Events." By C. Edmund Maurice. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

WE should be sorry to believe, as Mr. Maurice seems to imply in his preface, that the majority of our countrymen are in such a state of crass ignorance about the Bohemians as to mix them up with gypsies, vagabond artists, and irregular persons generally. We have always fancied that the Bohemians in old times became confused with gypsies because such terrible accounts of them were disseminated throughout Europe by pious Roman Catholics. What sort of stories were told we can see in the pages of Æneas Sylvius. Mürger used the word in French for the artist and literary man of irregular life, and Thackeray transferred it to England. There is much more serious matter in the remark of Mr. Maurice that we are too apt to accept the German and Magyar accounts of this interesting people. The Teuton has tried to crowd the Bohemian out of his native country, and the Magyar, forgetful of his own struggles for liberty, plays the very despot over the unfortunate Slovak, who is a Bohemian offshoot. As a rule, the Englishman knows very little about the Magyars. It is the rarest thing possible in our country to find any one who understands their language, and thus many Ugrian diatribes are merely *brutum fulmen*. The English reader only comes upon them now and then in the German translation of a Hungarian novel, where, if he knows anything of the actual state of affairs, he will be amused to find Slavonic words treated as a mere *patois*; whereas the Slavonic races can show a literature belonging to a time when the Magyars were barbarians who had just left their Finnish congeners in Eastern Russia. The German, however, has got the ear of the West in the matter of the smaller nationalities of Eastern Europe. He twists the names of their towns into barbarous corruptions and writes their histories.

Therefore we heartily welcome the little work of Mr. Maurice, who writes from the Bohemian or Cech point of view, which has only of late been heard of in Western Europe. The Renaissance of the Bohemian language and Bohemian literature in the early part of this century is one of the most wonderful things on record. This small people was never really conquered, but amalgamated with the Austrian Empire by marriage—we must not forget the maxim, *Tu, felix Austria, nube*—then rose to national self-consciousness and regained many of its lost rights. Let there be no mistake in the matter, as if Austria had generously conceded these privileges. They were privileges which had been slowly and cunningly whittled away. The Renaissance was started by a few scholars; for in these small countries your philologist and patriot are identical. When the Bohemian Museum was founded at Prague, the historian Palacky could exclaim, "We are still a nation!"

If the early part of Mr. Maurice's book may prove somewhat dry to the ordinary reader, he will find much to interest him in the reigns of Přemysl Ottakar II., King John, the Emperor Charles IV., and the Utraquist King George Poděbrad. There have been plenty of notable men in the country: Žižka, for instance, with his wonderful tactics and original ways of entrenching himself, which have been so frequently copied since; and Hus, the great champion of freedom of opinion in religious matters, a truly interesting character, eminent as divine, patriot, and scholar. Not the least gratifying to Englishmen is the occasional mention of Peter Payne, the ex-Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, who, although practically ignored in his own country, certainly led one of the most considerable theological movements carried on by an Oxford man before the time of the Tractarians.

At the desperate battle of the White Mountain the knell of Bohemian liberty was rung. From that time the history of Bohemia has been identical with that of Germany. We wish Mr. Maurice had told us more about this battle in his book. The Bohemian patriots made a most unfortunate choice when they selected such a weak man as Frederic for their king. Then follows the desolation of the Thirty Years' War, and

Bohemia came out brayed as in a mortar—her nobility banished and her language proscribed. Mr. Maurice goes very briefly over the latter period and tells us little about the Renaissance. His account of Comenius, the eminent pedagogue, is good. We wish, however, that he had said more about the Cech authors. With these small countries *la langue est toute la nation*. He should have done all he could—he has certainly done something—to show his countrymen that there is a real vigorous Bohemian language with an ancient and still flourishing literature. In fact, it had a considerable prose-writer, Stitny, as early as the fourteenth century. We could wish also that Mr. Maurice had been a little more particular in his spelling of the Bohemian names. We hardly know whether he or the printer is to blame; but many of the words have their diacritical marks in a most confused state. One considerable Bohemian author of the sixteenth century, Veleislavin, has lost his surname altogether, and is left with his two christian names only, to the bewilderment of readers of Jireček and Tieftrunk. This mistake is repeated in the index. How much better also it would have been to have cited Dalimil's Chronicle (or rather the one which goes under his name) than to give the picturesque legends of early Bohemian history from the dull pages of Cosmas. However, we must be thankful for what we have got. As regards the plates, the views of places appear to us much better than the portraits, some of which are rather fancy pictures, e.g. those of Hus and George Poděbrad. The map is pretty good; in many cases, however, the Bohemian names are not spelt accurately.

## THE ART OF QUAINTESS.

"The Flame Flower; and other Stories." By J. F. Sullivan. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1896.

MR. J. F. SULLIVAN is one of that large class of gifted people who sit in the shadow of a first success. In those memorable caricatures of the British Working-man which brought him prominently before the public he approved himself a man with a very singular gift of humorous malignity, of pitiless caricature, the Swift of the growing suburb, so to speak, and with a curious trick of grotesque line in remarkable harmony with his humour. The public accepted him at that immature stage with enormous applause, and has followed his subsequent development with a certain want of sympathy. For years his most popular work, and the mass of his work indeed, has lain within the limits of his first enterprise, and he has devoted to the narrow emotions of the suburban household extraordinary powers of satirical expression—for he has not only humorous drawing, but a nervous prose, and a trick of neat versification at command—that might, with a broader view of things behind them, have placed him in reality, it may be, not very much lower than Swift. But the dilatory workman, the exacting landlord, the jobbing plumber, the boy who whistles disagreeably by the suburban householder's door, the uncivil railway guard, and the noxious tramp—all the various agencies for spoiling a suburban householder's temper—seemed, under some mysterious law, to occupy the whole area of his activities. This narrowness of outlook, this parochialism, marked him naturally for the staff of "Punch"—which has made a parlour humourist of Mr. Anstey, co-operated in the extinction of Mr. Barry Pain, and succeeded in developing a hitherto unexpected obtuseness in Mr. Phil May—and the temporary nature of that connexion was a matter for surprise and congratulation to most of Mr. Sullivan's admirers. But unexpectedly, a year or so ago, in a series of papers that appeared in a popular monthly, and which were called collectively "The Queer Side of Things," it became apparent that Mr. Sullivan was at last breaking through the restrictions of his tradition.

In the present volume, however, he has departed much more widely from his characteristic subjects, and has produced a really very remarkable bookful. The contents may be defined as short stories, but they are stories of a peculiar type, their illustrations are an integral part of the entire effect, and that effect is, with one exception, an effect of quaintness. They are studies



in the quaint, as Poe's better known stories are studies in the grotesque, and Heine's "Florentine Nights" essays in the fantastic. So far, the typical masterpieces of the quaint have been "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice through the Looking-Glass," with their sympathetic illustrations by Tenniel, a book intelligent people read for themselves, and dull people buy for their children. But Mr. Sullivan, without any quality of imitation, appears suddenly as a serious rival to "Lewis Carroll." His work is without the subtlety or intricacy, the dream-like refractions and chromatic dispersions of Carroll; it is clearer and more concrete; it bears indeed much the same relation to his precursor's that an ivory carving bears to a Japanese print. But if it has less subtlety, it has a fuller humour, and we should be puzzled to award a precedence to either writer. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the quite inimitable story of "Old Primrose." And yet that cocky little Bob Robinson, the robin who must needs have a baby from his egg instead of a common chick, contests that assertion. The queer illustrations of Erthupp, the gardener, and the delightful border which summarizes his day's work, are the former Sullivan in his best vein, but touched with a genial humour that former Sullivan never displayed. Yet, on the whole, the palm must go to Old Primrose—Old Primrose who used to sit by the wayside with his feet in the grass, because of a fancied resemblance to his namesake the flower, until Daisy Tinkler told him he was dreadfully ugly and not a bit like a primrose. Thereupon there was a trial before the Village Council, and Old Primrose lost his libel case, and "had to pay his own costs, and Daisy Tinkler was set at liberty." So he went home resolved not to be beaten, and meeting a butterfly, decided to develop beauty along that line instead. He went to the village library, and, dissembling his object, got a volume of the Encyclopædia bearing on the subject.

"Then the old man set to work to study the subject deeply, and discovered that the butterfly is first an egg, then a small maggot, then a grub, and finally a butterfly.

"I must begin at the beginning, and come out of an egg," old P. reflected. For this time he meant to do the thing thoroughly.

"So he set to work to study coming out of eggs; he went and crawled under the haystack where Jane the hen was hatching out a brood, and watched little Zedekiah, the eldest chicken, emerge from the shell.

"Would you mind repeating that? I didn't quite catch it," said old Primrose.

"The new chick smiled, and got in again and repeated it.

"Haven't quite got the hang of it yet," said old P. "If it wouldn't give you too much trouble —"

"Not at all—quite delighted, I'm sure," said the obliging chick, doing it again.

"Are you thinking of getting hatched, Mr. Primrose?" asked Jane the hen politely."

So the amusing nonsense goes on with infinite invention and gravity. But of the rest of it, of the egg and the hatching, and the caterpillar stage, and the spinning of the cocoon with wool from Miss Pupsey's shop, and how the butterfly came out, and of Mary Anne Dabbles, and the treachery and cunning of George the Pig, the reader must read in its proper place.

Almost equally admirable are "The Lost Idea" and "Tommy Twister's Discovery," and the comical parody of "The Island of Doctor Moreau." But one exception must be made; "The Flame Flower" smells of haste and tastes of padding, and its quality is well within the reach of quite a lot of people, whereas none of the other work could possibly have been done by any one but Mr. Sullivan himself. The story is a very passable children's story as children's stories go, and that is as much as one can say for it; but it appears at a hopeless disadvantage in the same covers as Old Nathaniel and his barrow, Billy Bunson by the riverside, the Thingummy's Leap, or the death of Bob Robinson's Baby. Yet the book might be diluted with half a dozen "Flame Flowers" and still remain excellent. At the worst such interpolated tales can always be skipped. We congratulate Mr. Sullivan unreservedly on this new development and on his book. We sin-

cerely hope the great unaccountable public will display a sufficiently intelligent appreciation to justify him in further efforts in this direction.

#### MILTON AND CHAUCER REPRINTED.

"The Poetical Works of John Milton." With Introductory Memoir, Notes, Bibliography, &c. The Albion Edition. London: Frederick Warne & Co. 1896.

"The Riches of Chaucer." With a new Memoir of the Poet. By Charles Cowden Clarke. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

"Selections from Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales.'" Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by Hiram Corson, LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

HAD the publishers of our first book taken as much pains to secure competent editing as they have to secure good type and paper, this edition would leave little to be desired. But competent editing they have not secured. The introduction is thin and unsatisfactory, and is, indeed, little more than a superficial compilation in a singularly turgid style from the ordinary accounts of Milton's life; it gives little or no account of his public career, and of his religious and political opinions, and so leaves us without the key to the characteristics of much of his work as a poet. It might, as the editor observes, be "a weary task to chronicle all the controversial writings of Milton," but without a very clear understanding of the nature of the controversies in which he was engaged it is impossible to understand the man himself. The notes are meagre and not very judiciously chosen. The Latin poems have been most carelessly printed; and we find such monstrosities in the Elegiac poems as these: "Debet, at undi breve reddere jussa velit"; "Detonat inculto barbaro verba foro"; "Aura me humentes corpora fusa rosas," for "per"; and several others of the same kind. The Greek verses have had more care taken with them, but ἀγλαὰ φῶλα should of course be ἀγλαά. The text of the English poems is satisfactory.

Far be it from us to speak a disrespectful word of that venerable *littérateur* the late Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, but we must say that in any student who has kept pace with modern critical scholarship the reappearance of this volume can hardly fail to create almost as much amazement as the sudden appearance of an ichthyosaurus or megalotherium waddling on an astonishing journey along Regent Street or the Strand. In his own day Mr. Cowden Clarke did good service in popularizing a knowledge of Chaucer. The study of that poet was then in its infancy; two-thirds of his biography was purely apocryphal; his text was in a deplorable state; poems were assigned to him with which he had no more connexion than he had with the Iliad. But during the last thirty years the labours of modern scholars have revolutionized every department of Chaucerian study, and a book which ignores their recensions and repeats the old fictions and errors is not only all but useless but most mischievous. When we say that the biography here reprinted is based on Godwin's, and follows his statements implicitly, there is no necessity for us to say more than to express our astonishment at the currency thus given to it. Though no amount of revision could turn Mr. Clarke's biography into a satisfactory one, still, surely the grossest errors might at least have been corrected or indicated in notes. Mr. Clarke justly observed "that 'Chaucer's Dream' taken as an entire poem is a tissue of idle and vapid romance," and yet gives fourteen pages of extract from it. It is now as certain as anything can be that Chaucer never wrote it, while it is perfectly certain that with the poem which Mr. Clarke praised so highly, "The Flower and the Leaf," and which he gave in its entirety, Chaucer had nothing whatever to do. It is a philological impossibility that it could have been written before the middle of the fifteenth century. The same applies to "The Complaint of the Black Knight," which is now known to be by Lydgate. As the book is intended to popularize Chaucer, we do not complain of the uncritical text, though we think that a correct text ought now

to be expected in a modern edition, but we do complain of the very haphazard way in which the explanatory notes have been written. Words and phrases which would be perfectly intelligible without notes are often carefully explained—words and phrases which would present difficulties to nine modern readers out of ten are passed over. We wonder what young readers whom this book is intended to introduce to the study of Chaucer would make of such lines as:—

His purchas was wel bettre than his rent.

or

Ne makéd him ne spiced conscience,

or

Flexippe' and she, Tarbe' and Antigone.

In a book intended for general readers it was a great mistake to print so much of the "Canon's Yeoman's Tale," and of "Troilus and Cresseida," and to omit extracts from the "Second Nun's Tale."

In remarkable contrast to Mr. Cowden Clarke's volume stands Dr. Hiram Corson's "Selections from the 'Canterbury Tales.'" Here the results of all the latest researches in Chaucerian study, both with respect to the biography of the poet and to textual criticism, are given. Godwin's work is rated at its true value. For the first time the late Mr. Walford Selby's valuable contributions to our knowledge of the details of Chaucer's life are presented in a popular form. The text printed is, as it should be, the Ellesmere text, and where variants have been adopted they have in all cases been scrupulously indicated. The selections printed have been chosen with judgment; the notes are copious and to the point; but we have one serious fault to find with them—and this applies, unfortunately, to the Glossary, too—and that is, that the etymology of the words is almost entirely ignored. As the work is designed for the use of schools, this seems to us a great mistake. It is impossible thoroughly to explain nine words out of ten without reference to their etymology; and one thing is quite certain, that the explanation of a word will never be remembered if the student is ignorant of the derivation of it. Another very unfortunate omission is the absence of any account of the origin of the Tales. This is information which every reader would expect from an editor, and it ought to have been supplied either in the Introduction or in the Notes. We think, too, that the long extracts transcribed from Mr. Russell Lowell, Mr. Mathew Browne, and others, might quite well have been dispensed with; and we cannot see what end is served by the bald and dreary lists of Chaucer's similes, metaphors, and references to the Bible, which, if given at all, should have been relegated to an appendix, and not have been allowed to offend the eye in the Introduction. The matter is a trifle, but we are sorry to see a book designed for circulation in schools giving currency to that unfortunate solecism "reliable," which, judging from its frequency, appears to be a favourite word of Dr. Hiram Corson.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL SYMBOLISM.

"Animal Symbolism in Ecclesiastical Architecture."

By E. P. Evans. London: Heinemann. 1896.

A GREAT change has come over books on such subjects as this. The symbolism of churches and church ornaments no longer occupies the attention of ritualists only. When, some five and forty years ago or more, Mr. Webb and Mr. Neale edited "Durandus," their work was performed in all seriousness. Their introductory essay was learned in mediæval lore. They looked upon the ceremonials they inculcated as embodying high and holy truths; and above all they enunciated a principle of *sacramentality*. This is, of course, one aspect of ecclesiastical symbolism. It used to be looked upon as the religious aspect, and that there should be any other does not seem to have entered anybody's head. Such writers as Mr. Evans look at the subject, however, from a wholly different point of view. Religiously speaking they have no views, except such as might apply to the heathen gods. Mr. Evans in particular takes up an attitude almost the reverse of that of Origen, who was inclined to regard the events of Old Testament history, not as historical facts, but as religious types and symbols. Mr. Evans

has unfortunately put no headings to his pages, and we are obliged sometimes to hunt for examples such as we need; but it must be allowed that the magnificent way in which he sweeps up facts and weaves them all together into his argument is a little calculated to take one's breath away. Let us analyse a chapter. It is headed by the forbidding title, "Allegorical and Anagogical Interpretations of Nature." It begins with an account of Alexander the Great. In addition to his military exploits and political achievements, we are told, he gave a new impulse to natural history by supplying Aristotle with animals from the lands he had conquered. After him the Romans brought strange beasts "to minister to the barbarous and bloody sports of the amphitheatre." There are some particulars of Cicero's difficulties when he was proconsul in Cilicia, because the supply of panthers fell short. They were wanted at Rome "as a campaign fund for electioneering purposes." Alexandria was the centre of learning under the Ptolemies and long after, and Christianity came under its influence. In Græco-Judaic schools there, Christian theology "was developed as the resultant of the contact and conflict of the Hebrew with the Hellenic intellect." The Bible was assumed to contain unerring information on all subjects. Origen looked on the physical world as a symbol of Divine truth. Here Mr. Evans goes at some length into the supposed doctrines of the Talmud, of St. John and St. Paul, of Oriental literature, of Buddhism, in which every animal is a symbol of something human, and of the meaning and teaching of precious stones. This part of the chapter is prolonged by quotations from forgotten authors, especially the writer of "Physiologus," a treatise on symbolical natural history to which Mr. Evans is very partial. We have many entertaining stories, but none without its object, and we find at last that our author has fairly proved his point, and has also contrived to afford us a great deal of amusement in the process. His style is pleasant, though here and there too closely packed—a rare fault in a modern book. From about the fourth century down Christian art affords him innumerable examples of animal symbolism. Rome and Ravenna are drawn upon. Besides these monuments there are books, published and in manuscript. "The Jews claim to have had a natural history by Adam, who, as the man first created and especially commissioned by God to give to the animals names corresponding to their qualities, was supposed to have been intimately acquainted with them, and might therefore be regarded as an original and infallible authority on the subject." Mr. Evans prefers foreign symbolism to English, and so neglects a very large number of animals which abound on our church doors and the carved bosses of innumerable aisles. Nevertheless, he has gathered a marvellous collection of what may be called anecdotes. There are many notes about the symbolism of the ass, and a catechism is quoted on page 268 as to "a mysterious and far-reaching analogy between the anatomy of an ass and the architecture of a cathedral." The two ears of the ass signify the two great patron saints of the city. The catechism goes on "showing the analogies, or rather the homologies, between the animal and the edifice." There is a legend, according to which "the ass on which Christ made His entry into Jerusalem left Judea immediately after the Crucifixion, and passing over the sea dryshod to Rhodes, Cyprus, Malta, Sicily, and Aquileia, finally reached Verona, where it lived to a very old age." There are some curious passages about relics, but Mr. Evans omits any reference to the bones found at Palermo, and now, or lately, in the cathedral of that city in a closed shrine. They are reputed to be those of Santa Rosalia, and used on certain occasions to be carried round the city. This has never been done since Dean Buckland pronounced them without hesitation to form the skeleton of a remarkably large and old he-goat.

The question forces itself on a serious reader—Was it worth so much trouble to prove what most of us would have assented to at once on the proposition being stated? Could Mr. Evans have chosen no more important subject on which to lavish his learning? Anyhow, he has produced an interesting, to some readers possibly a profitable, book.



## MR. SELOUS ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN COMPANY.

"Memories of Mashonaland." By G. W. H. Knight-Bruce. London: Edward Arnold. 1895.

"Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia." By F. C. Selous. London: Rowland Ward & Co. 1896.

IT is not often that two books on the same country, published within a year of one another, can be so utterly different as are the contributions of Bishop Knight-Bruce and Mr. Selous to the history of Matabeleland. When we read in the one book of the author's certainty "that in no popular outbreak against the white men would there be any national rising against the mission. . . . And though probably the missionaries would not have been justified in making the experiment, my firm belief is they would have been uninjured had they stayed in their homes right through the Matabele war" (p. 128); and when we read in the other of the narrow escape of various missionaries, and of the savage destruction of the very station at Hope Fountain about which such confidence was expressed, we see that the earlier book has been already discredited by time.

Bishop Knight-Bruce defends, and tells reminiscences of, mission-work in Mashonaland. His book shows him to be a man of superb amiability, and singularly free from sectarian jealousy. His aim is apparently to live at peace with all men, and he is rather more apt to be blind to faults than to discover them. Charity is at once his greatest virtue and his greatest vice. It makes the book pleasant reading, and it doubtless rendered the author an acceptable neighbour and travelling companion. But it makes him a partial observer, an untrustworthy judge of men, and it totally disqualifies him for the task of historian. He is unlucky in his opinions of both natives and Europeans. "Most of those in command," he tells us (p. 239), "were in every sense picked men. I suppose it would be difficult to suggest an improvement, as a means to gain an end, on any work undertaken by Dr. Jameson. His skill as a doctor was no greater than his skill as an organizer, and we in Africa could not say more." Before the raid, this, perhaps, was excusable; but when the Bishop, in spite of the notorious opinion of competent judges, tells us that "Sir John Willoughby . . . did a great deal to keep everything on a high level" we pass on to the next book.

"Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia" is the work of a man who probably knows the country more intimately and understands its natives better than any one else. We turn to it with the greater interest that its author, while in sympathy with the Chartered Company and cherishing a sort of hero-worship of Mr. Rhodes, has a mind of such transparent candour that he cannot write 290 pages without letting us see the whole truth as far as he knows it. A book on South African politics by a man who, while a competent observer, cannot tell a lie is a treasure. In literary merit it ranks below that of Bishop Knight-Bruce; but its meaning is always clear. Its logic is not ecclesiastical, and such juggling with words as that by which Bishop Knight-Bruce seems to think that he has defended Captain Lendy (p. 240) would give Mr. Selous a headache. "The romance is gone" from Rhodesia, sighs the Bishop. But Mr. Selous's book shows that there was more romance left in the country than even that great hunter cared for: it tells us the story of a struggle fuller of tragic incidents and hairbreadth escapes than any equally brief period of Colonial history. It would have been more appropriately entitled "Storm in Rhodesia," for there is extremely little sunshine in it. The book begins with a short sketch of the author's life at Essexvale, a farm some thirty-five miles to the south-east of Buluwayo, at a time when the natives were friendly, the prospects bright, and only one prophet foretold a revolt. The natives on the whole seemed satisfied. Mr. Selous says that the Chartered Company was governing the natives "as humanely as possible, but, after all, in their own interests, instead of in the interests of the conquered people." He denies that any systematic cruelty, injustice or oppression was being inflicted. Some of the reforms enforced, he admits, were "very unpalatable to the conquered race." He tells us that "no impartial

critic can deny that the confiscation of so large a number of their cattle, and more especially the manner in which that confiscation was carried out, was impolitic, if not ungenerous; whilst the manner in which the labour regulations were enforced was sometimes calculated to provoke serious discontent." Later he repeats that in some cases natives "lost their all, both in cattle and faith in the honesty and justice of the Government of the Chartered Company, which they deemed had broken the promise given to them, as indeed was the case, though the mistake was made inadvertently, and through not considering the investigation of the whole question of sufficient importance to take any great trouble about." He also repeats the bitter complaints made by the natives of the ill-treatment they received from the black police. Mr. Selous, however, is very emphatic that these acts of injustice alone would not have led to an insurrection. Lobengula's family and the old Matabele chiefs were hostile, but they could never have roused the people unless the whites had appeared to be at their mercy. The opportunity for revolt came after what Mr. Selous describes as "the recent deplorable invasion of Transvaal territory by a British force in defiance of all international law, to accomplish I still fail to understand what." A month after that event Umlugulu, a chief now suspected as one of the leading instigators of the rebellion, changed his attitude, and repeatedly asked for details as to Jameson's surrender. The natives knew "that the entire police force of Matabeleland, together with most of the big guns and munitions of war up till then stored in Buluwayo, had been captured by the Boers"; and they despised the apparently "unarmed and defenceless" civilians. Accordingly, after another month of preparations the massacre of the whites began. When Mrs. Selous told some still friendly natives that such acts were foolish, as the white men would punish the murderers, they laughed, and significantly asked, "How can the white men punish them? Where are the white police? There are none left in the country" (p. 24). To what an extent the Chartered Company's territories had been denuded of arms we learn from several incidents in the book. When the news of the rising reached Mr. Selous, he rushed to Buluwayo to raise a force of a hundred men; but the Government could only supply six indifferent horses and twenty rifles (p. 29). In fact, at the outbreak of the rebellion there were only 370 rifles in the Government store (p. 38). Between 23 and 30 March the whole country fell into the hands of the rebels, excepting the towns and a few forts, and all the isolated settlers were massacred. The native armies were very badly led and apparently had no definite plan of action whatever. Nevertheless the war was a much more serious affair than the original invasion. If the impis had closed the roads instead of waiting for supernatural assistance which never came, the issue might have been different. As it was, thanks to the energy of the officers and the courage of the men, English and Dutch alike, the towns held out until assistance and arms could reach them. Mr. Selous is by no means always satisfied with the strategy employed; but the campaign was apparently much better managed than it would have been by the "young military aspirants to fame," as he calls them, who blundered at Krugersdorp.

The story of the struggle is not pleasant reading; for blood was up on both sides. The rebellion was inaugurated by what Mr. Selous calls "a series of the foulest murders it is possible to conceive"; it was crushed by men "vowing a pitiless vengeance against the whole Matabele race" (p. 209)—men by whom no quarter was given; "nor was any more mercy shown than had been lately granted by the Kafirs" (p. 192). The spirit in which Selous sometimes refers to the natives, and always speaks of those in England who objected to the Matabele being treated "as though they were a pack of wild dogs" (as Mr. Selous tells us they were treated), is the one regrettable feature of the book. We have no sympathy with "Little Englanders," and much with the men who so heroically defended their homes and families from the maddened Matabele. If Mr. Selous had made one protest against the denunciation of all the colonists in Rhodesia as "brutal buccaneers," he would have carried his readers

with him. But he repeatedly breaks the continuity of the narrative by a page or two of abuse of Mr. Labouchere. Mr. Selous describes the journal "Truth" as "generally despised," which it assuredly is not; though, perhaps, if he had treated it as if it were, his book would have gained in dignity. He admits that the natives had grievances, and that the real responsibility for the rebellion rests on the Chartered Company's Administrator. After such admissions he might remember that we owe our position in India not only to Clive and Hastings, who conquered it, but to Burke, whose insistence on justice to the natives enabled us to retain it. Mr. Selous, by his declarations that the blacks are essential in Rhodesia, that only by mutual confidence between the natives and the white settlers can the country prosper, and by the repeated expression of his "most profound conviction that a war between the Boers and British can only be a calamity of incalculable dimensions to both races" (p. 246) shows that he has a statesmanlike grasp of South African problems. It is because Mr. Selous is not only a mighty hunter, but a man of deep sympathies and a true conscience, that we regret more than we blame the one blemish of his valuable contribution to South African history.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

"Only Susan." By Emma Marshall. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1896.

"The Morals and Emotions of a Doll." By S. E. Martin. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1896.

"Christina's Story." By J. K. H. Denny. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1896.

"The Revolt of the Young MacCormacks." By Violet G. Finny. London: Ward & Downey. 1896.

"The Oriel Window." By Mrs. Molesworth. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

"The Dwarf's Tailor: Fairy Tales from all Nations." Collected by Zoe Dana Underhill. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1896.

"ONLY SUSAN" is for the schoolroom rather than the nursery, and follows the adventures of its young heroine through a love disappointment on to eventual matrimony. The saintly Joan Springfield is a singularly wooden young person. We suspect the author of feeling a slight exasperation against her many perfections. Girl readers, we fear, will be found callous enough to rejoice at her untimely death, which gives the more lovable Susan a chance for happiness.

"The Morals and Emotions of a Doll" will amuse little ones. Dolly is a very fine specimen of her class, and greatly resents the compulsory utterance of "Pap-pa" and "Mam-ma" as sole expression of her sentiments. Vera, her naughty little mistress, is a genuine child of the kind other children like to hear about.

"Christina's Story" has a somewhat self-righteous and unsympathetic heroine. It takes a serious illness and an all but fatal railway accident respectively to soften her heart towards her father and her lover. It ends with marriage bells and the happy recovery of all concerned.

"The Revolt of the Young MacCormacks" has some deliciously natural children in it. They endeavour to sell their governess, among innumerable other pranks, and are altogether as naughty as they can be. The refreshing modern tendency is to fearlessly hold up naughty children to their fellows as objects of interest. Authors have realized the fact that there is nothing on earth more Pharisaical than a naughty child, where the misdeeds of others are concerned. He would scorn to plagiarize them. On the other hand, it is useless to hold up to him the golden example of a little Sandford. He is even less likely to "go and do likewise," and will be bored into the bargain.

"The Oriel Window" is one of Mrs. Molesworth's gentle little stories, with a moral of the direct and primitive order ever present, but not offensive.

"The Dwarf's Tailor" is an excellent collection of fairy tales from all nations. They are all unhackneyed, and all brightly told. The book is handsome, with attractive illustrations, and will make a charming Christmas present.

"Sappers and Miners." By G. Manville-Fenn. London: F. V. White & Co. 1896.

"Nonsense, for Somebody, Anybody, Everybody, particularly the Baby-Body." Written and Illustrated by A. Nobody. London: Gardner, Darton & Co. 1896.

"Little Miss Curly-Locks." By Audrey Curtis. London: National Society's Depository. 1896.

"My Son's Wife." By Rose Porter. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1896.

"Cherry and Violet." By the Author of "Mary Powell." London: John C. Nimmo. 1896.

"The Sign of the Red Cross." By Evelyn Everett Green. London: T. Nelson & Sons. 1896.

"Sappers and Miners" is one of the most thrilling books for boys that even Mr. Manville-Fenn ever wrote. The two boy-heroes tumble from one danger into another in a delightfully breathless fashion, and much ingenuity is displayed in getting them out again. They are a good example of sturdy loyalty and daring, and their doings make wholesome and stirring reading.

We are glad to see a fresh appearance of "A. Nobody" and his fascinating "Nonsense," which seems to show that the book has had the success we predicted for it last year. There are some new pictures and rhymes, as funny as ever. If there is a fault, it is that the metres are awkward and lack swing. But the "Baby-Body" for whom the verses are written is not an exacting critic.

"Little Miss Curly-Locks" is a conventional but pretty little story for girls of about ten years old.

"My Son's Wife" is the diary of a model young woman with comments by her admiring mother-in-law. We confess to having found its tone oppressive and its matter nearly unreadable.

"Cherry and Violet" is a very well written tale of the Great Plague. It is weighted down and made top-heavy by a stupendous introduction from the pen of the Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D. He treats the pleasant little book as if it were one of the classics of our language, besides edifying the public with much useful literary criticism in general. We are told that Miss Rossetti was "the most perfect poet that ever, in the English tongue, linked the highest aspirations of Religion with the most exquisite expressions of Poetry." The poetess herself would have been the first to repudiate a judgment which places her above Milton. The story which follows this flourish of trumpets is, as we have said, well written and very pleasant to read, in spite of the gruesome subject.

"The Sign of the Red Cross" also tells of the Plague. It is an excellent book for girls, full of incident and interest, and heroic in tone without being overstrained. This writer may always be depended upon for good books of the kind.

"Fairy-Tale Plays, and How to Act them." By Mrs. Hugh Bell. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1896.

"In a Sea-bird's Nest." By Frances Clare. London: Skeffington & Son. 1896.

"The Carved Lions." By Mrs. Molesworth. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

"Eric, Prince of Lorraine." By the Countess of Jersey. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

"Stephen: a Soldier of the Cross." By F. M. Kingsley. London: The Sunday School Union.

"Kate Rayburn." By Constance Cross. London: Gardner, Darton & Co.

We have nothing but praise for Mrs. Hugh Bell's "Fairy-Tale Plays and How to Act them." The plays are the very thing for schoolroom theatricals, easy to master and just the right length. The directions as to acting could not be clearer. The author has thought of all the principal difficulties in the path of the child-actor. The illustrations (by Lancelot Speed) are a great help to the text, besides being charming in themselves.

"In a Sea-bird's Nest" is beautifully illustrated and daintily bound. The tales it contains vary very much. Some few are full of pathos and grace; others have a sickly sentimental tone about them. We confess to disliking this type of book for children's reading. There is nothing whatever about it that is any way objectionable; but the general effect is enervating.

"The Carved Lions" received a favourable notice from us last year. We are glad to see it again.

Lady Jersey's "Eric" appears this time in a far less luxurious form than before. It is prettily got up, notwithstanding, and has the advantage of great compactness.

One has, as a rule, a natural objection to overcome when one opens a book which takes Scriptural characters for its own, and blends extracts from the Bible with their conversation. The author of "Stephen" candidly recognizes this in her preface. The book is thoughtfully written and good in its way.

"Kate Rayburn" bears no date. Judging by its illustrations, it was written twenty years ago. Their grotesque drawing is an amusing contrast to the artistic work we put before the rising generation nowadays.

"The Little Larrikin." By Ethel Turner. London: Ward, Lock & Co. 1896.

"Matthew Parkyn." By Mrs. Henry Clarke. London: S.P.C.K. 1896.

"Abandoned." By Jules Verne. Translated by W. H. G. Kingston. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1896.

"The Queen of Night." By Headon Hill. London: Ward, Lock & Co. 1896.

"The Youngsters of Murray Home." By M. Ella Chaffey. London: Ward, Lock & Co. 1896.

"A Wonderful Christmas." By Katherine Vernham. London: National Society's Depository. 1896.



We are always ready for more stories from the author of "Seven Little Australians." This one is as good as the rest. The "Little Larrikin" is a most individual and lovable little person, and has a share in all the doings of the grown-up characters. As these include various courtships among them, the book is, perhaps, hardly intended for "real children": it is healthy and pretty enough for anyone.

"Matthew Parkyn" is a good story, with a mildly political interest among other things. The book opens effectively with the rescue of two of the characters who are lost in Australian wilds.

"Abandoned" is a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Kingston's very satisfactory translation of Jules Verne. It is brightly bound and full of illustrations.

"The Queen of Night" is the name of a ship, which bears a sensational character as the scene of many murders. The idea is ingenious. A villainous doctor, on the pretext of benefiting their health, engages to take wealthy people of all ages on board his "floating health resort." In most cases he receives large sums from their expectant heirs, on the understanding that the patients are to be quietly put out of the world. This is easy to a man of medical science, guarded from discovery by the rapid burials that follow deaths on a ship, and by the invalidish reputation of the passengers. The unmasking of the plot by the hero will be found very exciting by schoolboys.

"The Youngsters of Murray Home" are delightful. All varieties of the Australian child seem attractive to read of. The book is pleasing in every way.

"A Wonderful Christmas" opens with our friend the gruff old gentleman who doesn't see much in Christmas to make a fuss about, until a baby is discovered, in some unexpected place, to soften his heart. The other tales in the collection are fresher, but all are mediocre and nothing more.

"Cook's Voyages Round the World." With an Introductory Life by M. B. Syngé. London: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1896.

"The Basket of Flowers." A Story from the German. London: The Sunday School Union. 1896.

"Namesakes." By Margaret Haycraft. London: John Hogg. 1896.

"To tell the King the Sky is falling." By Sheila Braine. London: Blackie & Son. 1896.

"Bessie Kitson." By G. Norway. London: National Society's Depository. 1896.

Cook's voyages are not particularly full of the miraculous for even the schoolboys of this period, but the present edition is an acceptable one, with its many illustrations, and the Life of Cook, with which it opens, is graphically written and to the point. The binding is sober to severity.

"The Basket of Flowers" recalls our childhood, when it was a classic, and when the magpie who stole the ring was a better-known bird than the raven in "Barnaby Rudge." The quaint little book has lost none of its charm. This is not a new translation, though the illustrations are fresh.

"Namesakes" is a child's story with the slightest of plots, showing the strong impression that teasing and "chaff" will make on a conceited and sensitive boy.

"To tell the King the Sky is falling" is a very pretty book of the Lewis Carroll school. The illustrations by "Alice Woodward" are decidedly clever.

"Bessie Kitson" is a simple, nice little tale of the good old-fashioned kind, which ends with the arrival of the rich uncle from Australia and cakes and ale for everybody.

"A Friendly Girl." By C. P. Slater. London: National Society's Depository. 1896.

"A Girl's Loyalty." By Frances Armstrong. London: Blackie & Son. 1896.

"Violet Vereker's Vanity." By Annie Armstrong. London: Blackie & Son. 1896.

"In Honour's Cause." By George Manville-Fenn. London: S. W. Partridge & Son. 1896.

"Common Chords." By Raymond Jacerus. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1896.

"A Friendly Girl" is a most amusing little book, wittier and better written than many more pretentious efforts. The cover suggests ten-year-old readers; but the contents would entertain these rather less than their elders. The Friendly Girl is a very lovable oddity; so is her dear little old mistress, with the three cherished cats that she hardly dares acknowledge. The burglary incident is the only thing in the book that strikes one as a little forced.

"A Girl's Loyalty" has a plot that would exhilarate Diogenes. After the most distressing reverses of fortune, two distinct false accusations, and a wrongful heir, everything comes right in a startlingly symmetrical manner, reminiscent of the old woman who took her pig to market and had difficulties with a stile. The will is found, the heir is found, the villain is found out, and all through the efforts of the heroine, who ends with a legacy and a lover. Schoolgirls cannot easily do better than tread in her well-directed footsteps.

"Violet Vereker's Vanity" is a sermon against snobbishness hidden in a "story for girls." We should imagine that the

"vanity" of the heroine will not find overmuch sympathy. "Vulgarity" would be a better word to apply to a young woman who disdains all contact with a friendly and refined family because its original founder, two generations back, made his fortune in soap. If the idea is improbable, the tale is natural and bright. We beg leave incidentally to point out that a baronet's wife would not be spoken of as "Lady Charles Fairfax."

"In Honour's Cause" is another of Mr. Manville-Fenn's rousing boy-stories. The time is the reign of George I., and the plot deals with Court intrigues concerning "the King over the water." The appearances of the banished Sir Robert Gowan at his own house, his hidden meetings with his brave boy Frank, his hairbreadth escapes, death sentence, and final rescue make exciting reading. The illustrations are by Mr. Lancelot Speed.

"Common Chords" has a good deal to recommend it as a story for girls, and some few bad faults of construction. The stale idea of a concealed madwoman in the house where the heroine goes as governess leads to nothing, and would be much better left out. Again, the tossing of a girl by a bull is surely a clumsy device for getting her back to the friends who had lost her. The book has some clever things to counterbalance these irritations. The pretty careless mother whose children adore her in spite of her indifference and neglect is well done, and shows the author's knowledge of the tremendous power of idealization in children where the object of it has outward charm. The heroine's refusal of a model son and brother on the ground of his "priggishness" has piquancy, and will make her popular with girls, on whom the constant cult of the prig in their own special literature occasionally has the unholy effect of driving them to a widely different class of fiction—read, for the most part, "darkly at dead of night."

"The Laird's Legacy." By Mary Debenham. London: National Society's Depository. 1896.

"The Inseparables." By C. Chalmers. London: Digby, Long & Co.

"Sir Benjamin's Bounty." By Emma Marshall. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1896.

"The Green Garland." By Frances Crompton. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1896.

"A Harbour Light." By C. G. Mallandaine. London: S. P. C. K. 1896.

"The Footsteps of Fortune." By Esmé Stuart. London: James Nesbit & Co. 1896.

"The Laird's Legacy" deals with the fortunes of a Scottish Jacobite family. Its head, Sir Patrick Maxwell, takes refuge in France after the battle of Killiecrankie Pass, with his wife and children and a few faithful retainers. The story is told by one of these last. Sir Patrick and his lady die in exile, while their son performs deeds of valour against the Allies in the Low Countries. After more or less thrilling adventures, he emerges triumphant, recovers his Scotch estates, and marries the lassie of his heart. Archbishop Fénelon and his pupil, the young Duke of Burgundy, are among the historical figures of the story. It is a spirited little book.

Strangely enough, the two next books before us have the same theme—namely, schoolboy fraud—and very much the same defects of treatment. In both "The Inseparables" and "Sir Benjamin's Bounty" the authors have altogether failed to catch the spirit of boy-life. As for the characters, the heroes are good to the point of "goodness"; the villains less villainous than utterly inept; and not one live boy is to be met in either book. Mrs. Marshall gives us with photographic accuracy a picture of small shopkeeping society in a little provincial town. It somehow misses life, and only succeeds in being profoundly uninteresting. We are accustomed to better work from her pen.

"The Green Garland" is a pretty little tale of two good children whose nearest neighbours and only playmates were two wicked small boys. The combination is altogether excellent.

"A Harbour Light" is a novel, but of a very mild order. To keep her from an undesirable marriage, the heroine's father sends her from home to a lighthouse on the Cornish coast. Nothing daunted, she discovers an eligible suitor in the wilds, and ends alliteratively by setting up a "happy harmonious household."

"The Footsteps of Fortune" takes the reader to the South African goldfields, and strives pathetically hard for "local colour," remaining singularly unreal and trivial in spite of its ambitions.

"The Missing Prince." By G. E. Farrow. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1896.

"The Story of Aaron." By Joel Chandler Harris. London: Osgood, M'Ilvaine & Co. 1896.

"The Missing Prince" has all the elements of success. The story is as good as "The Wallypug of Why," with which the author made a hit last year; and of the illustrations it need only be said that they are by Mr. Harry Furniss and his clever young daughter. The cover is designed by the former, and shows five New Beetles, riding bicycles, with a pretty child.

figure watching them. It is one of the best gift-books of the year.

"The Story of Aaron" has not much in common with "Uncle Remus." There is but one allusion to Brer Rabbit and the Tar-Baby. For the most part there is more serious business on hand. The tale is stirring enough that the animals tell. Some of the effects remind one of the "Jungle Book," which is perhaps inevitable. The striking illustrations are by Mr. Oliver Herford.

#### REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

AS it happens, the "Nineteenth Century" for this month displays a comparatively small number of the usual names, but it is only moderately interesting for all that. Mr. Sidney Low, in dealing with Mr. Olney's victory, takes up a point that is fully realized on the Continent if not in England—the enormous responsibility assumed by the United States in making herself answerable for the future behaviour of such unknown quantities as the South American Republics. Mr. B. H. Thwaite gives a new partial explanation of the German advance in commerce when he points out that the superior mental equipment of the German manufacturer makes him bolder in employing newly discovered processes. Mr. J. Shaylor makes but little out of a good subject, the selling of books, in contrast to Mr. Alison Phillips, who skilfully traces the influence of Machiavelli in the Ecclesiastical policy of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. Clergymen do not know it, but the Anglican Church owes its position to the teaching of "The Prince." Mr. J. J. Clancy goes over the reports of the Financial Relations Committee with some fulness, and concludes that Ireland is overtaxed by a sum of at least three millions a year. Mr. Karl Blind relentlessly sweeps away another cherished historical illusion: it was not Barbarossa, but his grandson Frederick II., who was to reappear on the Thuringian mountain and restore Germany's glory. Perhaps Mr. Herbert Paul, in taking it upon himself to admire so great an artist as Sterne, should have written something more brilliant; but he is readable. It is a pity, however, that he enters into any defence of Sterne's coarseness—*tant pis* for those who are repelled by impropriety, they miss a great deal.

In the "Fortnightly" Professor Ray Lankester has lifted Mr. Reid's quarrel from the level of the comprehensible up to the heights on which scientific questions should doubtless be discussed. Mr. E. J. Dillon and "W" both treat of a subject which is still fresh—Bismarck's revelation of his treaty with Russia. From a consideration of the inadequacy and extravagance of former attempts to cope with famine in India, Mr. T. M. Kirkwood concludes that the rate of Government sales should be unchanged by any market fluctuations; the price of Government grain should be raised to three times its normal value and kept there. "Emeritus" talks on the old subject of Lord Rosebery's incapacity to lead; and if American misdeeds in the matter of arbitration are not a novelty, Mr. H. W. Wilson treats them freshly enough. Madame Blaise de Bury's "Anatole France" is a type of the frequent article which is useful because it imparts a certain amount of knowledge to the ignorant—usefulness is of course an excellent quality. Mr. H. Heathcote Statham, who has a keen feeling for streets and sites not too common among architects, contributes what is also a useful discussion of the present and future Government buildings at Whitehall. Mr. Karl Blind draws attention to the constitutional hopes of Young Turkey as a possible solution of the Eastern question.

The "Contemporary" is fairly entertaining this month. There is nothing about education in it, nothing about foreign politics, and the omission would cover many sins. Then Vernon Lee is always good to read when she is not too philosophical. Her praise of Leisure and its patron St. Jerome is a capable and pretty piece of writing; and because she is entertaining she must be forgiven the old mistake of decrying her own time. Mr. Diran Kélékian tells of the Sultan's occupations and habits at Yildiz, and the Rev. T. Lacey and "Catholicus" both contribute interesting notes about the Papal Bull and the Anglican Orders. "The Happy Family," a verbatim report of a last meeting of the Liberal Cabinet, is a good idea ill executed.

The "National Review" is unusually dull. We seem to have read something very like Mr. A. G. Boscawen's suggestions for Church Reform before—it would be difficult to say how often, because every additional article on exactly the same subject has the effect of doubling the previous account, so that the fourth article might as well be the eighth. Mr. E. F. Browne, however, the editor of the Chicago "Dial," gives a flattering character sketch of a much-abused man, Altgeld of Illinois, and a personality is always interesting. The misdeemeanors of attractive nurses is also an interesting subject; but "One of Them" has written a singularly incapable article, which can only be excused on the supposition that the inevitable reply will be better. Mr. William F. Bailey, after considering the future of the Bantu people in South Africa, concludes that it will never be a white man's country, but resemble Ceylon more than New Zealand in the matter of labour and population.

The "New Review" always has distinction. Personality is interesting, and Mr. Whibley draws his gallants well. But one may be permitted to get a little tired of them. Even the history of crimes and hangings becomes wearisome after a time, and Mr. Francis Watt has done a good deal in that line if we are not mistaken. Mr. T. A. Archer's little history of Sicilian supremacy in Tunis is attractive, and a woman on women, and especially on men's conception of women, is always an excitement, though Maxwell Gray is not otherwise satisfactory. Mr. Frederick Boyle discourses amusingly on the "great discovery" of "sitting down," and Mr. Hewlett describes a pretty meeting with Perugino.

Mr. G. W. Stevens contributes an excellent article on the Presidential Election to the uniformly entertaining, vigorous, and capable "Blackwood's."

A word of advice to the editor of "To-morrow." It is an excellent monthly, but suffers from the defect that made the "New Review," under Mr. Archibald Grove, most unsatisfactory reading: it conveys the impression of being a series of snippets, instead of containing well developed and thought out articles. The whole review consists of only fifty-six pages, and in this very limited space such large subjects as Protection, the Army as a Profession, National Education, &c. are dealt with. The order of the articles, too, is strange. "Protection" is piled on top of "The Army as a Profession"; and, as if the weight were not sufficient, these two are followed by "National Education." Also it is generally understood that in monthly magazines the places of honour are the first, second, and last. Articles in the body of the paper are considered to be the least interesting. Yet the article placed next before the last in the latest number of "To-morrow" is one by the ever-amusing Max Beerbohm. Truly, the editors of monthlies know not what they do.

The "Musical Times" contains at least one interesting article this month. The writer (who signs himself "George Verdant Bouncingham"—an *alias*, presumably, of Mr. E. Fudging Jakes) generously owns to "a considerable kindness for Beethoven," and the fervour of this kindness has permitted him to pass a ludicrous misprint in his second sentence. Nevertheless, he has attained to a critical view of his idol. It appears that the "Moonlight" sonata is "pomatumy claptrap" and the allegretto of the Seventh symphony "sickly goody-goodness"; that "Beethoven's scores simply will not stand the test of performance"; that his *tutti* are "insufferably coarse" and "his never-ending perorations" "tedious"; that nothing can be "more fatuous than his habit of repeating some footing little phrase sixty billion times over and over again," or "more outrageous than his disgraceful infatuation for the drum"; and so on through two really readable columns. Of course the article is not to be taken seriously. It is obviously a parody of the style affected by Mr. Frederic Corder, as will be recognized by any one who has read that gentleman's recent book on the Orchestra, or his articles on Wagner in the "Musical Times," or heard his Royal Institution lecture on Berlioz. It is refreshing to find the "Musical Times" ready to make good-humoured fun of its own staff.

#### THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

- Adventures of Hajji Baba (Morie). Lawrence & Bullen. 21s.  
After Long Waiting (Nicholson). Hurst & Blackett.  
Argosy, The (December).  
Art of Extremes Speaking, The (H. Ford). Elliot Stock.  
Authors and Friends (Annie Fields). Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.  
Backwards and Forwards (Colonel Hanna). Constable. 2s. 6d.  
Beni Hasan, Fifth Memoir of (Part 3) (Griffith). Egypt Exploration Fund.  
Black Country Life, Tales of (Hobbs). Stock.  
Black Gull Rock (Gerard). Nelson. 1s. 6d.  
Blackwood's Magazine (December).  
Boarding House Reminiscences (Jaloc). Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.  
Bonny (Adela Mount). Nelson. 2s.  
Bubbles Magazine and Christmas Number.  
Cardinal Manning (E. Ingall). Heinemann. 5s.  
Chapman's Magazine (December).  
Children, The (A. Meynell). Lane. 3s. 6d.  
Child World, The (Gabriel Setoun). Lane. 5s.  
Chorister Jim (Bingley Roel). Jarrold. 1s. 6d.  
Cook's (Captain) Three Voyages (Low). Routledge. 2s.  
Cosmopolis (December). Unwin. 2s. 6d.  
Country of the Pointed Firs (S. O. Jewett). Unwin. 5s.  
Crags and Craters (W. D. Oliver). Longmans. 6s.  
Darwin, Charles, and the Theory of Natural Selection (E. B. Poulton). Cassell, 3s. 6d.  
Dogma, History of (A. Harnack). Williams & Norgate.  
Eminent Persons, Biographies of. Vol. V. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.  
European Thought, History of. Vol. I. (J. T. Merz). Blackwood. 10s. 6d.  
Every Girl's Book (Mary Whetley). Routledge. 7s. 6d.  
Four Last Things, The (F. H. Carlisle). Elliot Stock.  
French Revolution, The. 2 vols. (Carlyle). Routledge. 3s. 6d.  
Goodwood, Records and Reminiscences of (John Kent). Sampson Low. 14s.  
Gray Days and Gold (Winter). Macmillan. 10s. 6d.  
Gwen and Gwladys (W. Rees). Elliot Stock.  
Hallé, Sir Charles, Life and Letters of (C. E. Hallé and Marie Hallé). Smith, Elder. 16s.  
Hawkins, Charles Vickery (Waddington Inskip). Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.  
Illustrated Bible Treasury. Nelson. 7s. 6d.  
Indian Gup (J. R. Baldwin). Neville Beeman.  
In the Garden of Peace (Helen Milman). Lane. 5s.  
In Vanity Fair (Wenzell). Lane. 13s.  
Investor's Review (December).  
Jock o' the Beach (Gerard). Nelson. 1s. 6d.  
Juggler and the Soul, The (Helen Mathers). Skeffington. 3s. 6d.  
Latin Authors, Student's Companion to (Middleton and Mills). Macmillan. 6s.  
Leaves in the Wind (A. C. Deane). Stock.  
Little Wanderer (A. and E. Keary). Macmillan.  
Luther's Primary Works (Wace and Buchheim). Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.  
Manco (Kingston). Partridge. 2s. 6d.  
Mankind, The History of. Part 14. Macmillan.  
Margaret Ogilvy (J. M. Barrie). Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.



Marketable Marine Fishes, Natural History of (Cunningham). Macmillan. 7s. 6d.  
 Mathematics, Elementary, a History of (F. Cajori). Macmillan.  
 McLeod of the Camerons (Hamilton). Heinemann. 6s.  
 Meissonier (Valley C. O. Gréard). Heinemann. 35s.  
 Men Who Win (Thayer). Nelson. 3s. 6d.  
 Merlin (Mr. M.). Neville Beeman. 6s.  
 Money Spinner, The (Merriman and Tallentyre). Smith, Elder. 6s.  
 Mr. Midshipman Easy (Marryat). Routledge.  
 Mystic Flower Land, The (C. J. H. Halcombe). Luzac. 16s.  
 Norse Tales and Sketches (Kjelland). Stock.  
 Old Wiltshire Market Towns (Dowding). Routledge. 2s.  
 Our Seven Homes (Mrs. R. Charles). Murray. 7s. 6d.  
 Oxford Magazine. More Echoes from the. H. Frowde. 5s.  
 Pen Portraits by Carlyle (Brimley Johnson). George Allen.  
 Plant Lore and Garden-Craft of Shakespeare (Ellacombe). Arnold.  
 Pocket Atlas and Gazetteer of the World (Bacon). Bacon & Co.  
 Pocket Atlas of the World (Bartholomew). John Walker.  
 Poems (Selkirk). Blackwood. 6s.  
 Proctor's Wooing, A (St. Aubyn). F. V. White.  
 Queen Victoria, Life of (Barnett Smith). Routledge. 3s. 6d.  
 Queen Victoria, Personal Life of (S. A. Tooley). Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.  
 Quest of the Golden Pearl, The (J. R. Hutchinson). Ward & Downey.  
 Radicalism and its Stupidities (H. G. Constable). Liberty Review Publishing Co.  
 Red Deer (Cameron of Lochiel and Others). Longmans. 3s.  
 Red Seam, The (Graham). Longmans. 6s.  
 Royal Priesthood and its Offering (G. H. Whitaker). Ward & Downey.  
 Scandinavian Folk-lore (W. A. Craigie). Alex. Gardner.  
 Scotland for Ever (Grove). Routledge.  
 Sculptured Tombs of Hellas (Gardner). Macmillan. 25s.  
 Sign of the Cross, The (Wilson Barrett). Macquenn. 6s.  
 Story of the Chemical Elements, The (Pattison Muir). Newnes. 1s.  
 Struggle of the Nations, The (Maspero). S.P.C.K.  
 Sultan and the Powers, The (MacColl). Longmans. 10s. 6d.  
 Survival of the Unlike (L. H. Bailey). Macmillan. 8s. 6d.  
 Tale of the Thames, A (J. Ashby-Sterry). Bliss, Sands. 6s.  
 Temple Bar (December).  
 Those Children (Curtis Yorke). F. V. White.  
 Thousand and One Gems of Poetry (Mackay). Routledge.  
 Tom Brown's School-Days. Macmillan. 6s.  
 Verses (Lisa Wilson). Bliss, Sands. 2s.  
 Walker, Frederick, Life and Letters of (Marks). Macmillan. 35s. 6d.  
 Way of Marriage, The (Violet Hunt). Chapman & Hall. 6s.  
 West London, Life in (Sherwell). Methuen. 2s. 6d.  
 Widow Well Left, A (Manifold Craig). Roxburghe Press. 1s.  
 Witch-Finder, The (T. Pel'att). Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d.  
 Without Prejudice (Zangwill). Unwin. 6s.  
 Woman at Home, The. Christmas Number.  
 Wonderful Mission of Earl Lavender, Account of (John Davidson). Ward & Downey.  
 Work of the Church in London, The. Murray. 3s. 6d.  
 Zoo, Afternoons at the (Morley & Friederichs). Routledge.  
 Zoo, Half-holidays at the (Morley & Friederichs). Routledge.  
 Zoo, Pleasant Hours at the (Morley & Friederichs). Routledge.

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Orders for this number should be sent at once, either  
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The LIST of APPLICATIONS for Shares and Debentures OPENED on THURSDAY, December 3, 1896, and will CLOSE on TUESDAY, December 8, 1896, for TOWN and COUNTRY.

# THE OBAN PALACE HOTEL & HYDROPATHIC COMPANY LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862 to 1893, whereby the Shareholders' liability is limited to the amount of their Shares.)

SHARE CAPITAL ... .. £150,000  
FIRST MORTGAGE £4 10s. per Cent. DEBENTURE STOCK 100,000

THE CAPITAL IS DIVIDED INTO—

60,000 Preference Shares of £1 each.  
90,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, on which there is a premium of 5s.

£150,000

The net profits of the Company available for dividend shall be distributed as following:—First, £5 per cent. of the gross profits of the Company of each year shall be set aside to a Reserve Fund; the balance remaining of such profit available for dividend shall be distributed and paid upon the amount paid up on shares as following:—On Preference Shares a dividend not exceeding £6 per cent., and on Ordinary Shares a dividend not exceeding £7 per cent. Of any balance of profit then remaining, £30 per cent. shall be placed to the Reserve Fund, and the remaining £70 per cent. shall be paid or distributed as to £25 per cent. the roof by way of supplementary dividend or bonus upon the amount paid up on the Preference Shares, and as to £45 per cent. thereof upon the amount paid up on the Ordinary Shares of the Company otherwise than in advance of calls.

£100,000 First Mortgage Debenture Stock will be issued, bearing interest at £4 10s. per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly. The Debenture Stock will be redeemable at the option of the Company at any time after 1st day of January, 1901, at £110 per cent., by giving six months' previous notice.

A first mortgage of the Hotel, Hydropathic Establishment, and Estate will be made to the Trustees for the security of Debenture Stockholders, besides a first charge on the general assets and property of the Company.

The Vendor has agreed to take £25,000 in Debenture Stock, £10,000 in Ordinary Shares, and £35,000 in cash, or cash and shares, being the amount of the purchase-money.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NOW INVITED FOR:—

60,000 Preference Shares of £1 each, payable as follows:—5s. per Share on Application, 5s. on Allotment, and 10s. on 11th January, 1897.  
90,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, on which there is a premium of 5s., payable as follows:—5s. per Share on Application, 5s. on Allotment, 5s. on 11th January, and 10s. on 11th February, 1897.

£75,000 of the First Mortgage £4 10s. per Cent. Debenture Stock, payable as follows:—On Application, £10 per cent.; on Allotment, £40 per cent.; and One Month after Allotment, £50 per cent.; or the whole amount may be paid on Allotment, under discount at the rate of £4 10s. per cent. per annum.

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9 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

## PROSPECTUS.

The object for which the Company is established is to purchase, complete, enlarge, and open, as a first-class hotel and hydropathic establishment, the original building (which was to have been known as "The Oban Hills Hydropathic Sanatorium") situated on the Ardoonnel Estate, consisting of 50 acres, on which it is stated that about £40,000 have already been expended, together with the following: (1) the lease of a water right, let at £10 per annum; (2) Ardoonnel Lodge, let at £90 per annum; and (3) various cottages on the estate, subject to a fee duty of £205 per annum.

As a health resort the situation of Oban, which is rightfully designated "The Queen of the West," is eminently favourable and delightful in Spring, Summer, and Autumn, and is so confirmed by the opinions of many eminent medical practitioners. Oban is to Scotland, and in a lesser degree to Ireland, what Brighton is particularly to London and the South of England; the climate is remarkably equable; the Summer is cool and the Winter not severe, yet always healthy and bracing. Compared with other health resorts in dryness of atmosphere, clearness of sky, amount of sunshine, and uniformity of temperature, Oban stands alone, a delightful expansive sea, with westerly breezes prevailing, whilst excellent boating, bathing, &c., are accessible. The Sanitary Authority spares no effort in maintaining a perfect hygienic condition of dwellings, in keeping the town in a perfectly healthy condition.

It is intended that the Oban Palace Hotel and Hydropathic shall be the finest and most luxuriously furnished, lighted, and heated establishment of its kind in the United Kingdom, having an entire frontage of 500 feet, and consisting of at least 500 bed-rooms, reception-rooms, dining-rooms, rooms en suite, drawing-rooms, ball-room, billiard, smoking, and reading-rooms, all of which will command magnificent and wholly uninterrupted views of sea and land. Also that there shall be numerous luxurious lounges, a spacious Winter garden and theatre on the Continental principle, and in the interior of the building a well-appointed hair-dressing saloon, &c.

The undulating nature of the ground of the Estate will permit of an excellent golf course being provided, and it is intended to proceed at once with laying out the ground, under the superintendence of a good professional. A suitable pavilion will be erected, and arrangements made for affiliation with the best recognised clubs, in addition to which attention will also be given to lawn-tennis and other out-door games.

The accommodation in first-class hotels at Oban and the district is known to be at the present time wholly inadequate, and as this specially favourite seaside resort is becoming better known and rapidly growing in public estimation as a pleasure seaside health resort, the Oban Palace Hotel and Hydropathic meets not only a present but a future public want of great moment, and as it has a great naturally attractive advantage in standing in the green grounds in an inaccessible position on the hills, and as it will be fitted throughout with all the best hotel appointments that are known at the present time, a great influx of visitors may be confidently expected.

The Company will have an ample supply of carriages, horses, four-horse coaches, &c., for the use of visitors to the Hotel and their friends, for making daily excursions into the country. Arrangements will also be made with the Railway and Steamship Companies for specially-organized parties desirous of visiting the various places of interest with which this very historical locality abounds.

Care will be taken to provide, and may be had on hire by visitors at a small cost, thus avoiding the trouble, risk, and expense of transit of their own machines. Besides the admirable roads with which the district abounds, a spacious track will be made in the grounds, so that cycling may be made possible in all seasons. Competent attendants will be in charge of this department, who will also be thoroughly instructed in giving lessons in cycle riding.

It will be furnished with electric light and with electric light throughout. It is proposed to erect a sanitary electric laundry and motor laundry, both of which will become a successful source of income.

The Hydropathic Establishment will be under the supervision of Robert J. Banning, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S., &c., Resident Physician, well known in connection with large establishments of a similar nature.

It is proposed that the Hotel and Hydro shall be fitted with perfect heating and sanitary appliances throughout on the well-known Perkins' system, and that swimming baths, with sea and fresh water, and every other description of bath, shall be provided.

It is intended in the height of the season to give a grand ball weekly for resident visitors, to whom cards of invitation will be issued for their friends residing elsewhere.

It is expected that the premises will be completed and opened for visitors by next June, when the busiest season commences.

A manager of great practical experience in high-class hotels, &c., will be engaged. The cuisine will be of the very best description, and the service equal to that of the best-known hotels at moderate charges.

A supply of the Hotel Company's omnibuses, &c., will always be in attendance at the railway stations and arrival of steamers for visitors' convenience.

This extensive Hotel and Hydropathic Establishment will comprise, among others, the following rooms:—

The Palace Dining-room, seating about .. ..	300 visitors
The Scott Salon, seating about .. ..	100 "
The Grand Banqueting and large Hall-room, upwards of ..	400 "
Twenty Private Dining-rooms .. ..	250 "
The Winter Gardens, wherein will be held during the Summer season a Café Chantant, seating about .. ..	1,000 "

Making a total seating capacity of about .. 2,050 visitors

The property has been valued by Thom. H. Ransom, Esq., F.S.I., of the firm of Messrs. Rolt, W. Mann & Son, the eminent firm of surveyors and valuers, 32 Lower Street, S.W., and 12 Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W., who certify that in their opinion it is worth for the purposes for which it is required £61,000.

The purchase price has been fixed for the whole of the estate, inclusive of all Contracts by the Vendor, at £60,000, payable as follows:—£25,000 in Debenture Stock, £10,000 in fully paid Ordinary Shares, and £25,000 in cash or cash and shares. The Vendor also retains the fee duty of £205 per annum.

The Reserve Fund is for the purpose of covering special expenses in alterations or additions to the Company's buildings, for general depreciation, wear and tear, meeting contingencies, liquidation of debts, and for equipping dividends or bonus to members, and for the extension of the Company's business.

From the opinion of experts (a copy of which has been inspected) it is estimated that the gross income of the Company will be, say, £55,556, and that 60 per cent. being required to suffice for the payment of all provisions, servants' wages and keep, together with all other charges, including Directors' and other fees, viz.:—

Gross Income .. ..	£55,556
Less 60 per cent. as above stated .. ..	33,333
£22,222	

From which deduct:—

Interest at £4 10s. per cent. on £10,000 Debenture Stock ..	£4,000
Dividend at 5 per cent. on £20,000 Preference Shares ..	1,000
Dividend at 5 per cent. on £10,000 Ordinary Shares ..	500
Reserve Fund, 25 per cent. on Gross Profit, £21,456 ..	5,364
Fee Duty .. ..	205
£11,869	

Leaving a Balance of .. .. £10,353 or being available for the Reserve Fund and bonus on the Preference and Ordinary Shares as per Articles of Association.



The Subscription List will open to-day, Saturday, 5 December, 1896, and close on or before Tuesday, 8 December, at 4 p.m., for Town, and Wednesday, 9 December, at Noon, for the Country.

# THE "MINERVA" NAILLESS HORSE-SHOE (ENGLISH AND COLONIAL) COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890, whereby the liability of Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

## CAPITAL £150,000,

IN 150,000 ORDINARY SHARES OF £1 EACH,

Of these 50,000 will be allotted as fully paid as part of the purchase consideration, and the remaining 100,000 are offered for subscription at par. At least £20,000 will be reserved for Working Capital.

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ERNEST MAGNUS, 32 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

### PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed to acquire the Letters Patent and Patent Rights for Great Britain and Ireland, and for Canada, granted to Christian Eisenberg, for improvements in Horseshoeing (English Patent No. 17,123, 1895, Canadian Patent 50,448, 1895), and also the rights to the patents in other British Colonies and dependencies.

This invention relates to an improved method of horse shoeing, and has for its objects to construct a horse shoe capable of being secured without the use of screws, nails, or straps, in such a manner as to be readily and firmly fixed or detached, and without the need of skilled experience. German and American Patents have been granted for this invention.

Mr. W. R. Bousfield, Q.C., M.P., has given a satisfactory opinion as to the novelty and validity of the Patent, copies of this and of the report of Messrs. Abel & Imray, Patent Agents, may be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

The laming of horses from unskilful driving of nails into the hoof is well known to be one of the most serious dangers to which horses are liable. Any invention that prevents this must be of immense value. This danger is entirely avoided by the use of the "Minerva" Shoe, indeed, the practice of driving nails into the hoof to fasten the shoe has been continued solely because all former inventions proposed by way of improvements have been wanting in practical value.

The "Minerva" shoe has, after the most severe and most exhaustive trials for upwards of a year, been pronounced by military, veterinary, and other competent authorities, as shown by the accompanying testimonials, to be the safest, most durable, neatest, and most humane kind of foot gear ever devised for the horse.

It can be fitted cold; and, as it is nailless, the possibility of wounding the sensitive part of the hoof is entirely obviated. It can also be easily roughed, and at trifling cost.

As all injury arising from badly driven nails is obviated by this new mode of attachment, the horse is enabled to step out more freely and safely, and thus its usefulness and comfort are increased. Experience has proved that this shoe, though not costing more than the ordinary shoe, wears considerably longer, thus reducing the net cost.

In order to apply the "Minerva" shoes little change, if any, will be needed in the existing Art and Business of Farriery.

The Company are making arrangements for the production of the Minerva Shoes on a large scale.

The Vehicular Insurance Company, Limited, recognising that the risk of injury from shoeing is entirely obviated by the use of the Minerva Nailless Horse Shoes, undertake to insure all horses shod with these shoes at a reduction in the usual premium.

The Directors have every reason to anticipate a great success for this Company. The horses in England alone number upwards of three millions. Taking these to require shoeing once a month gives a total of 36 million sets of shoes per annum. Reckoning this Company to supply only 10 per cent. of these (a very low estimate) at a net profit of 4d. per set, it would produce £45,000, which would be sufficient to pay 20 per cent. on the capital of this Company. This does not take into consideration any business from Ireland and the Colonies, or the profits arising from licences and agencies, many applications for which have been already received.

Testimonials and Press Notices showing the value of the Invention, and Diagrams explaining it, are enclosed herewith.

The purchase price has been fixed by the Vendor Syndicate (who are selling at a profit) and who will pay all expenses up to and including Allotment) at £100,000, payable as to £50,000 in fully-paid shares and the balance in cash, or partly in cash or partly in shares at the option of the Board.

The Company will take over the business and the benefit of all orders as and from the 1st October, 1896.

The Contracts entered into are as follows:—

1. An Agreement dated the 30th day of September, 1895, and made between the Vendor Syndicate of the one part, and the Company of the other part, by which Agreement the Vendor Syndicate agree to transfer all the Patents and Patent Rights for the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Colonies, and all present and future improvements to the Company.

2. An Agreement dated the 30th day of September, 1895, between the "Minerva" Vendor Syndicate (the Vendor Syndicate) of the one part, and the "Minerva" Nailless Horse Shoe (Parent) Syndicate, Limited, of the other part.

There are other Contracts and Agreements besides the usual trade Contracts, to which the Company is made party, which may be considered Contracts within Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, and applicants will be deemed to have had notice of their contents and to have waived all right (if any) to further particulars thereof, whether under that Section or otherwise, and to have agreed with the Company as Trustees for the Directors, and other persons liable, not to make any claim whatsoever or to take any proceedings under the said Section, or under the Directors Liability Act, 1890, in respect of non-compliance with said Section or Act.

Applications for shares are to be made on the accompanying form, together with a deposit of 5s. per share, and may be forwarded either to the Bankers or Secretary of the Company.

If no allotment be made the deposit will be returned in full, and if a less number of shares be allotted than is applied for, the balance will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on Allotment. Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association and of the above-mentioned Contracts of Sale can be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

Application will be made in due course for a settlement and quotation on the Stock Exchange.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company.

London, 3rd December, 1895.

No. ....

### FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

(To be retained by the Bankers.)

## THE "MINERVA" NAILLESS HORSE-SHOE (English and Colonial) COMPANY, LIMITED.

To the Directors of

THE "MINERVA" NAILLESS HORSE-SHOE (English and Colonial) COMPANY, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £..... being a deposit of 5s. per share on..... Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of Shares, and I agree to accept and pay for the same, or any less number, upon the terms of the Prospectus, dated 3rd December, 1895, subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I agree with the Company, as Trustees for the Directors and other persons who may be liable, to waive any further compliance with Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, than is contained in the said Prospectus.

Ordinary Signature.....

(Must be written distinctly.)

Name (in full).....

Address (in full).....

Profession or Occupation.....

Date..... 1896

The LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, Lombard Street, E.C., or Messrs. HAES & SONS, 1 Drapers' Gardens, E.C., in respect of each Share applied for.

# BURLINGTON CARRIAGE COMPANY, LIMITED,

Builders to the Royal Family,

315 - 317 OXFORD STREET,  
LONDON, W.

**Patrons :**

## THE ROYAL FAMILY.

H.S.H. THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

H.I.H. THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

H.S.H. PRINCE IBRAHIM HILMEY.

H.R.H. PRINCE PRISDANG.

H.R.H. PRINCE ORSINI.

H.H. PRINCE CHANDERNAGORE.

H.H. PRINCE DHULEEP SINGH.

H.S.H. PRINCE BIRON VON CURLAND.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

THE MOST HON. THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

THE MOST HON. THE MARQUIS OF RIPON.

&c. &c. &c.

### SPÉCIALITÉ.

#### THE COB-SIZE LANDAU.

An exceptionally light and graceful little carriage quite under the control of one small horse in a hilly district. Fitted with every modern improvement, self-folding head, self-folding steps, steel overlapping tyres, &c.

### SPÉCIALITÉ.

#### OPEN AND CLOSED BROUGHAM.

This compact little carriage can be opened and closed in a second, and has all the advantages of a Landau at half weight. It is a pretty Brougham and Victoria in one, and remarkably popular.

Purchases may be effected on our Three Years' System at an extra charge of 5 per cent. only.

*A very comprehensive display of upwards of 500 Carriages of the Newest and most Fashionable Designs to be seen at their Showrooms—*

315-317 OXFORD STREET,  
LONDON W.



## ROYAL BLIND PENSION SOCIETY

(With which is United the Blind Female Annuity Society).

**Patron**—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

**Vice-Patron**—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

**President**—THE DUKE OF GRAFTON, K.G.

**Honorary Secretaries** { MESSRS. GEORGE POCOCK AND  
PERCY R. POCOCK.

THIS Society grants Pensions to the Blind Poor at their own Homes in sums ranging from 10s. to 25s. per month. There are at present upwards of 700 Pensioners residing in various parts of the Kingdom, among whom about £5,000 is annually distributed in pensions, paid monthly, through the agency of 500 Honorary Almoners. Elections take place in May and November in each year. In addition to those elected by the votes of Subscribers, two are added at every election by rotation. Others are nominated from time to time to receive the "Thomas Pocock" and "James Templeton Wood" Memorial Pensions. An approved Candidate of 75 years of age or upwards can receive an immediate Pension upon payment of a donation of THIRTY GUINEAS. To be eligible, applicants must be totally blind, above 21 years of age, of good moral character, and in receipt of an income not exceeding £20 if single, and £30 if married. No distinction is made in regard to sex or creed, nor is the receipt of parish relief a disqualification. Applications must be made on the printed form provided by the Society. Subscribers of 10s. 6d. annually, or Donors of Five Guineas, are entitled to One Vote at every election, and the multiples thereof in proportion. The payment of a Legacy to the Society confers upon each Executor the privilege of one Life Vote for every £25 bequeathed. The yearly Report, containing the rules, accounts, and all information, will be forwarded on application. Contributions will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, or by the Bank of England, or Messrs. Barclay, Bevan & Co.

JOHN C. BUMSTED, Esq., *Treasurer*.  
W. ELLIOTT TERRY, *Secretary*.

235 Southwark Bridge Road, London.

## NATIONAL ORPHAN HOME,

HAM COMMON, RICHMOND, SURREY.

OFFICE: 12 PALL MALL, S.W.

*Patrons.*

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

THE object of this Charity is to receive Orphan Girls from Seven to Twelve Years of Age, without distinction as to Religion, into a "Home" where they can obtain a plain English Education, a practical instruction in the Kitchen, House, and Laundry, to fit them for all Household Duties, and are taught to cut out, make, and mend their own clothes. Over 650 have thus been more or less provided for. There are now nearly 100 on the books. The Building affords ample room for 50 more, but for want of funds they cannot be received.

Children are admitted on election, by payment till elected, on purchase, on presentation, subject to the life of the donor.

A Cot for all time may be had for £450.

The Charity is in

URGENT NEED OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.

Donations, Subscriptions, and Bequests are earnestly solicited, and will be gratefully received by Messrs. HERRIES & Co., Bankers, 16 St. James's Street, and by the SECRETARY, at the Offices, 12 Pall Mall, S.W., where all communications should be addressed.

WEMYSS, *Chairman*.

E. EVANS CRONK, *Secretary*.

## THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL,

19 King William Street, West Strand, W.C.

Founded in 1816, by the late G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S., for the Relief of Indigent Persons afflicted with Diseases of the Eye.

ENTIRELY SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

*Patrons.*

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

**President**—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G.

**Chairman**—SIR CHARLES TURNER, K.C.I.E.

**Treasurers** { G. B. HUDSON, Esq., M.P.  
H. LINDSAY ANTROBUS, Esq.

THIS HOSPITAL receives the Indigent poor on their own application, without Letters of Recommendation, and was the first to adopt this system of true Charity. Nearly 10,000 poor persons are relieved annually. It has afforded aid to upwards of 400,000 sufferers since its establishment.

There are 30 Beds available for In-Patients constantly occupied.

The undoubted fact that London is trending westward makes it every day more urgent that a large, perfectly constructed, and easily accessible Eye Hospital should be built to meet the imperative and constantly growing needs of the poor who come from all parts of the Metropolis and the United Kingdom.

The accommodation in the present building for both Out- and In-Patients is wholly inadequate to the daily increasing demand for relief. This will necessitate the rebuilding of the Hospital on a New Site, to provide which, and erect thereon an edifice replete with all the modern improvements rendered urgent by the rapid advance in Ophthalmic Science and Surgery, a sum of at least £50,000 will be required.

The Committee urgently appeal for New Annual Subscriptions for maintenance purposes, and they earnestly plead with the Benevolent to enable them to build the much-needed New Hospital.

Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; or to

T. BEATTIE-CAMPBELL, *Secretary*.

LEGACIES ARE ALSO ESPECIALLY SOLICITED.

## British Orphan Asylum, SLOUGH.

FOR the Maintenance and Education of Destitute Orphans from all parts of the British Empire, of all denominations, whose parents were once in prosperous circumstances. Orphans are admitted between the ages of 7 and 12, and are retained until 15.

The Committee earnestly appeal for increased support of an Institution which has been carrying on its work of usefulness nearly 70 years, and which is dependent on Voluntary aid.

Subscriptions and Donations most thankfully received. Annual Subscriptions:—For One Vote, 10s. 6d.; for Two Votes, £1 1s.; Life Subscription for One Vote, £5 5s.; for Two Votes, £10 10s.

**Bankers**—MESSRS. WILLIAMS, DEACON, AND MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK, Limited, 20 Birch Lane, E.C.

**Offices**—62 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN,  
LONDON, E.C.

CHARLES T. HOSKINS,

*Secretary.*

## London Diocesan Board of Education.

## AN APPEAL ON BEHALF

OF THE

## CHURCH SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

WE, the undersigned members and supporters of the London Diocesan Board of Education, appeal most earnestly to Churchmen, and to all who value the preservation of Christian Education in our Public Elementary Schools, for funds to enable the Diocesan Board to maintain in efficiency the work in which it has been engaged for more than half a century, and to place that work upon a more permanent financial footing.

We have every reason to expect that, during the coming year, Voluntary schools will receive from the Legislature, in some form or another, the assistance they both need and deserve. We are therefore anxious that the Schools dependent upon the Board for support may be in a position to take the utmost advantage of that relief.

There are many schools in the poorer parts of the Diocese which have long been maintained by the most praiseworthy exertions of Churchmen, in the face of the greatest difficulties and of severe pressure. The Diocesan Board has, from time to time, been compelled to undertake the financial management of twenty-two such schools, with fifty-six departments, and more than 13,000 children on the books, in order to give relief to the local managers, and so prevent their abandonment. The majority of these, and, indeed, of all our Church Schools, are among the most popular and efficient within the London School Board area; and to lose any of them would be little short of disastrous to the cause of religious education.

It has been carefully estimated that, to meet the present need, a sum of £6,000 is absolutely required. We therefore earnestly commend the London Diocesan Board and its work to the sympathy and liberal support of the Church-people of London; and we would impress upon them that, if liberal assistance is promptly forthcoming, the relief so given will be permanent in its effect.

NORTHUMBERLAND.  
WESTMINSTER.  
WINCHILSEA.  
ALDENHAM.  
EGERTON OF TATTON.  
GRIMTHORPE.  
G. G. BRADLEY, Dean of Westminster.  
T. DYKE ACLAND.  
FRANCIS S. POWELL, M.P.  
EDWARD CARR GLYN, Vicar of Kensington and Rural Dean.  
JOHN G. TALBOT, M.P.  
W. H. BARLOW, D.D., Vicar of Islington and Rural Dean.  
E. A. EARDLEY-WILMOT, Prebendary of Wells and Vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington.  
H. W. P. RICHARDS, Prebendary of St. Paul's and Rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.  
DAVID ANDERSON, Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square.  
RICHARD BENYON, J.P. for Berks.  
WILLIAM BOUSFIELD, 20 Hyde Park Gate, W.  
RICHARD FOSTER, 48 Moorgate Street, E.C.  
F. B. PALMER, Glaisdale, Streatham, S.W.  
H. W. PRESCOTT, 50 Cornhill, E.C.  
J. A. SHAW STEWART, 71 Eaton Place, S.W.  
G. A. SPOTTISWOODE, 3 Cadogan Square, S.W.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations to the General and Poor Schools Relief Fund of the London Diocesan Board of Education should be made payable to JOHN HILL, Esq., Financial Secretary to the Board, Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W., or may be paid through Lloyds Bank, Limited (Herries, Farquhar Branch), 16 St. James's Street, S.W.

THE CLAIMS OF  
VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

Present controversy on the claims of Voluntary schools has had, at least, two indisputably good results. The public has clearly seen the extent and value of the Church's past services to elementary education, and the Church has learnt to measure her future task, and to take heart for it.

We write on behalf of a district which has claims upon the nation second to none, and in which the educational work of the Church is beset with such special difficulties that men's hearts may easily fall them in its contemplation.

The Diocese of Rochester contains, besides Chatham, Gravesend, &c., the whole area of South London—many miles of squalid tenements, closely packed with poor and struggling workers, far removed from the few districts in the Diocese which are able to give them help.

What the importance of the school is as a social, civic, and religious influence in such a region needs no telling; and whatever duty the Church has in regard to the schools must be here, at once, most urgent and most difficult.

The record of the past three years is that, under the stimulus of the well-known Circular of the Department, £125,000 has been given and spent by Churchmen in the diocese upon fabrics alone; and what were, in some cases, dingy, ill-ventilated buildings, have been transformed into bright and wholesome schools.

The task thus laid upon the Church was heavy, because she had been at work educating the poor long before any State aid was given—in some cases even in the last century—so the buildings were often antiquated, and that especially in parishes such as those on the river bank, which, because they were the oldest centres of population, had become the poorest.

This heavy work would have been impossible if the Diocesan Board of Education had not been able (besides much indirect aid and encouragement) to make grants which have amounted to £3,583.

Now, as to the future.

We need £1,000 to complete the work of defence and repair, by paying grants, which we have conditionally promised, and relieving managers who have pledged their private resources to architects and builders.

But we would fain also recover lost ground. In the panic after 1870 the Diocese lost about fifty schools (in the last thirteen years she has only lost three). We are inquiring into the condition and present use of these buildings. We hope to recover some of them. It would immensely assist us to do so if a few Churchmen would promise us a definite sum, upon which we could make a proportionate claim for every reopened school.

And then there is new ground. What that means, an hour or so spent in Battersea, Greenwich, Plumstead, and many other districts would quickly and vividly show, by the token of a vast acreage of newly sprung and ever-extending streets. It is not right that, in such neighbourhoods, all the parents should be forced to send their children to the Board schools for lack of Church schools, and it has been proved that many of them prefer Church schools, even where the premises are homely, and they only have tens, where the Board schools have hundreds, of children.

Since 1870, seventy-two new parishes have been formed in the Diocese, but only sixteen have been supplied with Church schools. This is not surprising, seeing that the Church and endowment have had to be provided. Some of the new parishes are now anxious to have schools, and in several cases sites are awaiting us if they can be promptly occupied. But Church schools can only be built in such districts by a large measure of central help and encouragement, and we should be thankful indeed if our Diocesan Board had a sum of £5,000, which it could turn to excellent account, by making loans on new school buildings. We ought to have as much more to make grants, given on condition that treble the amount is raised from other sources.

There is no doubt that we ought to ask to be entrusted with £11,000 for the work of the next five years.

Considering the scale and the importance of the work, is it too large a demand, or larger than the attitude which the Church has taken towards the Government and Parliament in the matter of her schools' entitlements, or rather bids, us to make?

Are there not those who have made fortunes by the labours of South Londoners, or by the sale of their land to the speculative builder, who will recognize the debt which they owe, and make the Diocesan Board their almoner?

Contributions to this work will be gladly received by the Bishop of Rochester; by the Secretary of the Board, the Rev. A. W. Maplesden, The Church Institute, Upper Tooting; or by the Westminster Branch of the London and County Bank.

EDWARD ROFFEN.  
HUYSHÉ SOUTHWARK.  
CHARLES BURNEY.  
J. ERSKINE CLARKE.  
C. E. BROOKE.

Bishop's House, Kennington.

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SEA-SIDE HOLIDAY AND CONVALESCENT HOME FOR THE BLIND.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, ESSEX.

A very earnest appeal is made for funds to establish a Sea-side Holiday and Convalescent Home for the Blind at Southend-on-Sea. In London alone there are 3,573 blind persons, most of whom are in indigent circumstances, and have lost their sight through accident or disease, who by the loss have been reduced to a life of inactivity, consequent ill-health, and despair.

These people are not generally taken into the ordinary Convalescent Homes, as they require special attention.

Southend-on-Sea has been selected on account of its invigorating climate, its easy access and cheap railway fare for this proposed Institution.

It is hoped to provide accommodation for twelve inmates, who will be sent for a fortnight or three weeks' stay by Societies connected with, and persons interested in, the welfare of the sightless. A charge of Ten shillings per week will be made for each inmate, and a liberal diet provided. This charge will not enable the Institution to be self-supporting; it will, therefore, be partly dependent on the generosity of the benevolent, to whom this appeal is made, for the necessary funds for the furnishing and establishing this much-needed Home.

Donations and annual subscriptions will be thankfully received and acknowledged by W. G. SHAKESPEARE SMITH, Esq., Solicitor, 7 Charles Square, Hoxton, N., and 57 North End Road, West Kensington; and SAMUEL HAWTREE, Esq., Ivy Lodge, London Road, Southend-on-Sea; or they may be forwarded to BARCLAY & CO., Limited, Bankers, Southend, Essex, to the account "Seaside Home for the Blind."

References as to the bona fides of this appeal can be made to Sir FREDERICK YOUNG, J.P., K.C.M.G., 5 Queensberry Place, South Kensington, S.W.; ANDREW JOHNSTON, Esq., J.P., Chairman of the Essex County Council, 35 New Broad Street, E.C.; ALFRED PREVOST, Esq., J.P., Mayor of Southend-on-Sea; T. A. WALLIS, Esq., Indigent Blind Visiting Society, 27 Red Lion Square, W.C.; Rev. T. W. HERBERT, Vicar of Southend-on-Sea; E. A. WEDD, Esq., J.P., Chairman County Bench, Southend and Rochford.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

W. G. S. Smith, Esq. ... £5 5 0 | S. Hawtree, Esq. ... £5 5 0

MISSION TO DEEP SEA FISHERMEN.

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

This Society carries on medical mission work amongst the fishermen on the North Sea fishing grounds and elsewhere.

Number of services held in 1894 . . . 2,301  
In and out patients treated in 1894 . . . 9,701

Supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

Requires £20,000 per annum.

FUNDS urgently NEEDED.

Treasurer—THOMAS B. MILLER, Esq.

Offices—181 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

HOMELESS BOYS OF LONDON.

FUNDS are greatly NEEDED to meet the current expenses of the training-ships *Arethusa* and *Chichester*, and the seven homes on shore, under the management of the Committee of the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children. Founded by the late William Williams, Esq., in 1843. Nearly 1,000 boys and girls are now being supported in the ships and homes.

An urgent appeal is made to raise funds. Will each reader of this appeal, who believes in saving the children and sympathizes with the work done for their benefit in these ships and homes, kindly send a contribution for the support of the children?

Contributions are earnestly solicited and will be thankfully received by the London and Westminster Bank, 214 High Holborn, W.C., and by

H. BRISTOW WALLEN, Secretary.

HENRY G. COPELAND, Finance and Deputation Secretary.  
London Home and Offices, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

MAYPOLE SOAP

(PATENTED)

WASHES AND DYES.

MAYPOLE SOAP (Patented) WASHES AND DYES. | MAYPOLE SOAP (Patented) WASHES AND DYES.

APOLOGY

APOLOGY

To those customers who have for the past few months experienced difficulty in obtaining supplies of MAYPOLE SOAP we offer our sincere apology, and have pleasure in informing them we are now in a position to meet all demands for the United Kingdom. In the course of a few weeks further New Buildings will have been erected, which will enable us to meet the immense demand from the Colonies and the various countries of the civilised world.

FOR HOME DYEING. NO MESS. | FOR HOME DYEING. NO TROUBLE.

MAYPOLE SOAP

(PATENTED)

For DYEING SILKS, SATINS, COTTONS, WOOLS, FEATHERS, LACE GOODS, &c.

Such as Blouses, Dresses, Underlinen, Ribbons, Children's Frocks, Pinafores, Lamp Shades, Silk Scarves, Handkerchiefs, Gentlemen's Shirts, Lace Curtains, Silk Gloves, Stockings, Antimacassars, Toilet Mats, Shawls, &c.

MAYPOLE SOAP

(PATENTED)

WASHES AND DYES.

DYES ANY COLOUR. DOESN'T DYE THE HANDS. | DYES ANY COLOUR. DOESN'T DYE THE HANDS.

Sold Everywhere. Price 4d. per Tablet (Black 6d.)

SOLE PROPRIETORS—

THE MAYPOLE SOAP SYNDICATE, LTD.

CENTRAL DEPOT ... 98 & 99 High Holborn, London.  
NEW YORK ... 90 & 92 West Broadway.  
VIENNA ... Mariahilferstrasse 105.  
BUDAPESTH ... Balvano-utca V. Ker 5.  
BARCELONA ... Calle Plateria 17.  
AMSTERDAM ... Fredericksplein.  
LEGHORN ... Piazza Fossatello.  
LISBON ... 46 Rua dos Retrozeiros.  
NORWAY & SWEDEN DEPOT ... 22-24 Skippergaden, Christiania,  
And at SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, ADELAIDE, CAPE TOWN,  
and PORT ELIZABETH.

ROYAL ALFRED AGED MERCHANT SEAMEN'S INSTITUTION.

ESTABLISHED IN 1867

For the purpose of providing a Home or Pension for worn-out and destitute Merchant Sailors.

Average income, £5,000.

Number of old seamen pensioned since 1867, 1,200.

Number of present applicants, 250,

Of whom 240 must be rejected, as the Institution cannot afford to fill up more than 10 vacancies.

Yet all these poor old men have a claim upon each of us. They have spent their lives in most arduous service, conveying to us across stormy seas the necessities and luxuries of life. In their old age they suffer from the effects of long toil and exposure, as well as from the consequence of illnesses and accidents so frequently incurred in their dangerous calling. They are mostly miserably poor. Those whom we cannot help have no home to look forward to but the workhouse.

Among your Charities, please remember them.

President—R. S. DONKIN, Esq., M.P.

Chairman:

ADMIRAL SIR F. LEOPOLD McCLINTOCK, K.C.B.

Vice-Chairman:

CAPTAIN DAVID MAINLAND, F.R.G.S.

Bankers—Messrs. WILLIAMS, DEACON, & CO.,  
Birchin Lane, E.C.

Secretary—58 Fenchurch Street, E.C.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE, London (for LADIES), 43 and 45 Harley Street, W.**

*Principal*—Rev. CHARLES J. ROBINSON, D.C.L.

LENT TERM commences Thursday, January 21, 1897. The Course includes instruction in Divinity, English Language and Literature, Ancient and Modern History, French, German, Italian, Latin and Greek, Science, Music, Mathematics, Drawing and Painting. Any of these Classes can be taken singly, and there are special classes for Orchestral Music, Conversation in Foreign Languages, Dancing, &c. Pupils can begin the College Course at Fourteen. Terminal fee 8 guineas. Time Table and Prospectus on application to Miss CROUDACE, Lady Resident. Boarders received by Miss WOOD, 41 Harley Street.

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